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RICHARD TO RALPH.

"WE PARTED TWENTY YEARS AGO."

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Oh, many a time the summer winds
Have rustled the ripe grain
And many a time the scarlet leaves
Have fallen with the rain;
And many a time the sweet, sweet birds
Have gone across the sea,
Since with a heavy heart, my brother,
I left my home, and thee!

The birds that fled our withered woods
Have gleeful wings found,
Where the blushing boughs are thick with flowers,
And the air is full of sound;
But a mournful tenor is a heavy load
My life-bird forest for me,
Since, with a heavy heart, my brother,
I left my home, and thee!

The wild, dark clouds drive down the line,
The light winds whistle shrill!
And like a dim, wavering shroud,
The rain gleams on the hill—
And moaning in the distance lies
A wild and troubled sea—
The memory of that parting time,
My brother Ralph, with thee!

God bless thee, gentle brother Ralph
Wherever thy lot be cast—
May the strong Angel of the love
Walk with thee to the last!
And when, His errands done, we go
Across death's solemn sea,
Oh, may we find our home at last
Our happy mansion be!

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXV.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT.

Dame Warrenton sat at the door of her cot, gazing down upon the wood. It was evening, but it was still tremulous, and the air was warm and genial. The dame had grown more lonely in the few months of sorrow that had passed, and the forsworn upon her fair head grieved deeper. She gazed now upon that very spot where, in early Summer, she had seen her son and his youthful companion step forth from the wood, and she wondered where the latter had now rested. She sat there, and thus she gazed, when she saw two men emerge from that same path. They came towards the cot—they walked with eager step—one was an old man, for she could see his gray locks float in the breeze,—and the other was young, as she could tell by the shape he bore. As they came nearer still her heart began to leap wildly in her bosom, and a joyful hope sprang to life within. Could it be? could they come—there was no more doubt—she saw, she knew—her son! He called her mother—and he clasped her to his bosom. It was Mark—and it was Julian Glendower. Paler they were than on that dark night when she lost them, and stern was the light in their eyes—but Mark and Julian still alive and well.

The dame sat no more at the door, gazing down upon the wood. She sat now in her great chair, and she gazed first upon her boy, and then upon his companion—and then she wiped the tears from her eyes, and repeated, many times, "THANK GOD!"

Julian Glendower had been watching every movement with a keen, faithful activity, and when he found that no one else was coming to welcome him, he asked where was his mother. The dame told him, with a quaking voice, that she was gone—that she went a long time ago—immediately after the disappearance of Harold Mark. And he knew nothing more—and she would not tell the vague intervening agonies that had occupied her thoughts. To turn the subject, for the present, she asked her son where he had been, and why she had not heard from him. And while Julian went away to the window, and bowed his head in agony, Mark related the strange adventure that had befallen them. He spoke tremulously, and sometimes at fault, for much of his thought was with his noble companion who had stood by him so faithfully, and who now suffered so keenly. Still he told his story.

He related how both he and Julian had been taken on board the pirate brig, and told all that happened to them when they were taken from the sinking brig by the Normandy barque.

"We supposed we was again' to Amsterdam, an' from there home," he continued; "but it wasn't so to be. On the very next day we was overhauled by a French cruiser, and the whole lot of us taken prisoners, and carried into Calais, where we was thrown into prison. Julian and I were confined alone together, an' we wasn't long in makin' up our minds that we'd like to escape if 'twas possible. We was watched very nigh, and for a long time we give it up as a bad job; but finally, to-day-morning, fortune throw'd a chance in our way. We made friends with a man outside, and with his help we contrived to get clear. We cut away the bars of our window one dark night, and before mornin' we were half way across the channel in a small boat; an' as soon as our feet touched British soil we set sail for Yorkshire,—an' here we be. Now ye know why ye didn't hear from us. 'Twas simply because we couldn't send any word out of a French prison. But I'll tell ye all the rest—I'll give ye our adventures—when we've got more time. This isn't just the thing now. We want to know what's happened here. We wasn't keep anything from us, for I swear ye be entitled to everything we've learned."

"Of course not. I've not had time. I didn't see Clara when it first came. I was weary, and saw it was still noon. I thought, too, it might be early in the morning. Then I remembered it was dark, and concluded to wait until morning; and I couldn't sleep. Have you heard aught of the baby Norma lived, I can—dare to tell her?"

Julian paced up and down the floor several times, and when he stopped he laid his hand upon Adam's shoulder, saying, while he did so—

"I must go to York with you. I cannot stay here. I could do nothing at Oldhill at present. I know of no duty, only for I see him at Ravens-dale. I will go with you, Adam."

Mark was upon the point of speaking when the doorway was suddenly obscured, and a female, closely veiled, entered the cot. She hesitated when she saw the persons that were present, and beckoned for dame Warrenton to come out. The old lady obeyed the signal, and when she reached the porch the mysterious visitor took her by the arm and led her away out of doors. They were gone a long while—none of both Mark and Julian became nervous and weary.

At length, however, the youth whispered these words, but seemed afraid to utter his whole thought—

"It seems that it was not your mother, my boy?" said Mark, who had caught his companion's thought.

"I was foolish to think it could be she," Julian returned.

"Of course it could be she," remarked Adam Nolan. "Margaret Glendower is taller than was that woman, and not stout. She has a fairer skin."

"But I'd like to knowhow she is," pursued the old sailor. "Shiver my timbers, if I liked the looks of her. She might be a dangerous witch. They are quite a long while."

At length, however, to good dame came safely back, but there was sedateness upon her face, and her aged frame trembled like an aspen. She sank into her chair—for she knew not how her folded hands as though she were at a loss for words.

"Mother," spoke her, after a long silence, "can you tell me who that woman is? What did she want?"

Dame Warrenton repeated the name, vacantly; nothing—nothing now; yet perhaps something by-and-by. It is not for us to hear, my son."

"Then I'll go to her," asked Julian, breathlessly.

The old lady seemed to be startled by the question. She ground from the youth's face, and then upon the boy and then she folded her hands and gazed upon them.

"Julian Glendower," she finally said, as though she had pondered well, and had made up her mind, "I will tell you just what I deem proper to tell you. I will not tell you more."

"What is it?" cries out Mark.

"Promise me, all of you, not a single question be-yond what I tell you."

She spoke so solemnly, and so emphatically, that Julian knew she meant what she said, and he gave the required promise.

"Then," said Dame Warrenton, "*your mother is alive and well.*"

"*Alive!*" exclaimed the youth, in a hushed, breathless tone.

"Aye; and if you are elated, she may yet be with you again. Now go with Adam. Go to York, and think of it. Be sure the stubborn will tell him all of the other you know. He will help you—he will help us all."

THE PLOTTERS OUTWITTED.

Julian hesitated but a single moment. He cast one glance into his dame's face, as though he would ask a question, but the thought passed quickly away; and dame warrenton in the kindness of her heart, answered it, saying—

"Go, my son, go. Leave your bonnie sa hands!"

At the lodge," replied Adam, starting up.

"I must go, too," cried Mark.

"No, no," interrupted his mother, authoritatively. "I want you here."

He said no more, and in a few moments Julian and Adam had gone. The good dame watched them until they had passed from sight, and then she took her son closer his chair nearer to her. He did so.

"Now, Mark," she said, "I am going to tell you the secret you have so much queried about. I feel that I am at liberty to tell it now, for I have long learned another secret, that rendered the first no longer needful of being kept."

And thereupon she whispered into his ear a tale so wondrous, so passing strange, that he was impressed with astonishment. At the same time, his eyes became fixed upon her lips as though he would see the words as well as hear them. And at times he held his breath in pure astonishment. When she had finished the story he leaned back in his seat, and seemed laboring to realize the full import of what he had heard.

"Is this all true?" he finally asked, when he was able to breathe freely.

"All true," responded his mother. "Do now you know why Julian was sugt away to young? you know, for, how much poor Margaret must have suffered."

"Aye, aye—I see it now," And that was Adam-bells that came here?"

"Yes."

"And what can have induced her to reveal all this?"

"Such things have operated upon her, my son. In the first place, she was never a wicked woman, but very simple and unfortunate. Ever since she became a party in that great crime, she has been unhappy; and this had so broken in upon her mind, that it required but a slight shock to upset it. That shock came when the pirate chieftain was carried here after he had been wounded in the wood, or, I should say, when she discovered that he had been wounded—for she knew not of it when he had gone away. In the second place, the pirate is now on the Infidelity, and in dying. All old love is revived, and she seems to care for no one else."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the old sailor, still lost in wonder at the subject, "how wonderful it is!"

"It is indeed wonderful, my son. But we must work now, and wonder while we work. We must be prepared with the whole proof when the time for action comes. Oh! my mind is clear now, for I have for many a long year hoped for just such a circumstance. Aye—I have hoped that some such truth might come to light. Yes, we are acquainted with some of the old fishermen in the Cove?"

"Yes."

"And they would help you if you asked them?"

"Most assuredly."

"Then I'll take to the water," said Mark. "It is but a short run around to Robin Hood's Bay, and I think by tribid a bite."

"But you'll be sure and take a safe conveyance my boy."

"Never fear for that, mother. Let us have some supper, and I'll be off."

The old lady very soon prepared the evening meal, and while they ate they talked over the plans they had in hand. The dame was hopeful and communicative, while her son was equally hopeful, and eager for the denouement.

"It was best that you did not tell Julian where his mother was, and how she was situated," remarked the old sailor, as he arose from the table. "By the powers! he'd have been in Oldhill before now if ye had. He'd 'a been like a madman!"

"I thought of that," replied the old lady. "I knew his disposition, and I thought I knew what was best for him. And now, if you find the clerk of Pyllingdales, I feel sure we'll soon have everything as it should be."

Mark worked for a quaking more. He armed himself as usual, and then set off upon his mission. His step was light, and almost youthful, for he felt that glorious results were to flow from his success.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOMETHING RATHER STARTLING.

"Why, in the name of all that is possible, don't that woman die?" exclaimed Lavinia Cleaveland, when her father-in-law there together at breakfast.

"I've fed her on food that would have killed a Yorkshire, and yet she is as well as ever."

"And so it is with the pirate," returned Sir Thomas. "Do what I have given him, if what you say be true, should have met him off long ere this."

"There was power enough in it," said the old woman. "There was poison sufficient for killing a dozen like him. By the blessed Virgin, Thomas, there must be some other hand at work here."

"Some mortal hand?" asked Lavinia, with a start.

"I know not what kind of a hand it may be," Lavinia answered; "but I am fully persuaded that our plans do not take the course we have given. We can see it is all about us. Ha! what was that?"

The last words were spoken in a startled tone, as she at that moment saw the face of a man at the door, and who announced that Walter Dean was in the hall.

"Bid him come in," the beldam said; and then, turning to the old, she added, in a hurried tone—"We'll say as soon as we can, as to the matter with Mr. Dean we'll find a shorter way to dispose of those that interfere. You could find the pirate's heart with a knife?"

"Yes."

"And I can do the same for Margaret Glendower. It must be done. By heaven, we should be dolts to be thwarted thus by any chance!"

At this point Walter Dean entered the apartment, and when the servant had withdrawn, he saluted the old ruffian.

"You look sober this morning. Has anything happened?"

"Not a solid Dean, with a start, "there has something happened; or there is something about to happen. I have not slept. Ah, Ned, be it what it will, we must finish the business we have on hand at once. The stubborn girl must be made to yield immediately. This very day—this very hour, if possible—she must be made your consort."

"But what has happened to startle you thus?" asked Lavinia, with great curiosity.

"I'll tell you," replied Walter. "Early this morning, while walking near the village, I overheard a conversation among some of the men, and I discovered that some word had been sent to the archbishop of York. I was not long and sent for the householder, who was one of the party, and ordered him to tell me the whole subject of the conversation I had in part overheard. I had to use many threats to make him speak out, but I finally drew from him that Adam Nolan had gone to York to see the archbishop, and that he was to return with him, and have nothing of the purport of his mission. I then came down to the wood-land cot, and found that the old woman had gone. I waited for her return, and questioned her. She admitted that her brother had gone to York—that he was wounded in the wood, or, I should say, when she discovered him he had been wounded—for he knew not of it when he had gone away. In the second place, the pirate is now on the Infidelity, and is dying. All old love is revived, and she seems to care for no one else."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the old sailor, still lost in wonder at the subject, "how wonderful it is!"

"It is indeed wonderful, my son. But we must work now, and wonder while we work. We must be prepared with the whole proof when the time for action comes. Oh! my mind is clear now, for I have for many a long year hoped for just such a circumstance. Aye—I have hoped that some such truth might come to light. Yes,

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—And still do our blighting without hesitation. I'll bring the girl to his very room, and here she won't shall be done."

And so, in their mad frenzy, they laid their plans. Some and reason seemed to have forsaken them, and parties alone held sway in their counsels. They may have known—they must have known—that the laws of England would hold no such sanctuary legal, but they hoped to force the yoke upon the sandwich-sack, and then make her wear it in spite of herself. They imagined that she might yield when she found herself bereft. In short, they pretended no law upon their own reckless daring than upon her supposed ignorance.

"She knows I am her lawful guardian," said Walter Dean, "and she may not know that I cannot marry her as I please, in spite of all her opposition. But when she is once your wife, my lord —made so in form—she must succumb. The power will then be in your hands, and you can very soon place her beyond my possible chance of tearing you with honour."

Thomas Cleveland did not shrink from the undertaking. A life of reckless debauchery and boisterous had not left him with a conscience that could trouble him, and when he once made up his mind that he had nothing to fear, he was ready to act.

As for Lavinia, she was a very devil incarnate. If she ever had a human feeling, it must have died with her youth; and now, in her old age, her heart had become so adamantine as to make even the dwelling-place of evil. She seemed to live only in an atmosphere of crime and intrigue, and living from sheer ennui when there was no sinful thing to be done.

In half an hour from the time that new the plan formed, Donna Rose was in the hands of the conspirators. Lavinia had brought her down, but had told her nothing of what was to transpire. She was very pale and sad, and seemed much frightened when she first entered the apartment; but when she saw her uncle and Walter Dean, she supposed herself at once, and called all her native dignity to her aid. There was a strange mingling of loathing of the latter by, and her cheeks were blanched, but her will was firm, and she regarded the two men with a look of scorn and contempt.

"Rose," spoke her grandmother, with a high, authoritative tone and bearing, "are you ready now to be restored to liberty and happiness?"

"I am, sir," she replied.

"Then the way is open before you, and you will walk in it. Your race of contumacy is run, and we are to have no more of it. You have been brought here that the place may be prepared for your future course might be fulfilled. In short, you are to be married. You are this day to be the Countess of Stanbury. I hope you will see the necessity of showing some sense of propriety."

"My lady," the maiden said, turning to Sir Thomas, "is this plan upheld by yourself? Do you seek there to give my hand him?"

"Aye," he returned, with a vindictive look, "I do seek to gain it that, and that I will have it. You have thus far exercised your own will, and I am tired of it. When your father appointed me your hand, I hoped to gain it with your fall and free consent, and thus far have I allowed you to run, in hopes that you would obtain your mind from the perches, foolish when you at first pretended to entertain."

"We are determined now," added Lavinia.

"You may rest assured that I am determined," returned the maiden. "I know that my father would never consent to such a proceeding as this plan. He never wished me to marry you, or he would have enforced his will when he was living."

"Do you give me the lie?" demanded Sir Thomas passionately. "Do you intend me? Do you say that I never asked your father for your hand?"

"*Did you ask him?*" the maiden said, while her bosom suddenly ceased its heaving, and a startling change came over her face.

"By the heavens above me, I did!" the earl vehemently answered.

"Then," resumed Rose, with a fire in her eye that seemed to flame out with the words, and speaking in tones as low as a reptile, but which yet thrilled to the utterest depth of the strong and resolute heart, "*you must have asked him to the first, and he loved not to tell me!*"

Thomas Cleveland started as though an arrow had pierced his bosom. The maiden watched him with a keen glance, and as she saw the deadly shot upon his cheek, she knew that she had touched home to his heart. She had no proof that what she had said him for father, then she had that her heart was cold.

"Curse you!" the earl finally gasped. "Would ye drive me to be your enemy upon the very threshold of our wedded life? I have no wish to take subject you bind, and if you ever leap such a thing again, you shall suffer for it. Now mind my words!"

"Come," interposed Lavinia, who cared not to have further words spoken upon that point, "this is trifling. Sir Dean, the cart is waiting, and if your ward is the altar, and the chaplain is in waiting."

"Then let it be done," pronounced Walter. He stepped to Donna's side, and took her by the arm.

Ward and charge of which, he said with a contemptuous laugh, "I pray you make no resistance now, for you will be compelled to go with the ceremony—if you cry out, or make the least disturbance—you shall receive such weight of vengeance as you never yet dreamed of. Under such punishment as I would inflict you would pray God to make you a worm, that you might crawl away and hide in the earth! Now will you go with me?"

Donna hesitated. Not that she wavered in her decision, but she was moved by the terrible threat that hurled at her. She cast her eyes towards the earl, and when she saw his triumphant look, her speech came to her.

"I can die," she said, "but I will never marry with Thomas Cleveland!"

"By the gods of war, you shall!" thundered Walter, stamping his foot in rage.

"Here!" uttered Lavinia, as Dean was about proceeding with his mad folly. "There are people in the hall!"

"Some of the servants," said the earl.

"None of our servants would dare to make such clamour," returned the old woman, trumbling. "Hallook! Some one demands admittance! Do you hear! Here—come with me! Thomas, go and see who it is!"

As she spoke she caught Donna by the arm, and dragged her towards the opposite door from the hall. At first the maiden did not resist, but gradually a sense of her situation led her to reflection, and she thought how much she might gain by being seen there by any visitor, no matter whom. Perhaps her pet dove had not carried her message as she had hoped, and no one, save the diabolical trio present, knew that she lived. She resolved that she would see who came, or die in the attempt. With this impulse she hurled the bag from her, and sprang back into the drawing-room.

"Out! Leave instantly!" ordered her uncle, who had seen the movement, at the same time hurling towards her.

But she eluded his grasp, and with all the energy she could command, rushed for the hall door. She reached it just as the earl had thrown it open, and with a single bound she passed him. She saw a number of men, like figures in a vision—there were faint outlines of the form and features of her father's faithful workmen, and of the archbishop of York, and of good old dame Wentworth, and of dear Mary Nolan, and of one or two men whom she did not know—all these she swiftly passed by her—all seeming to merge into one other noble, well-remembered face, and that was Edward Fennel-gate. It might be a mere phantasy—it might be it a sudden rise of sense which her imagination had conjured up—but she stopped not to reason—she got out—and with one low, warning cry of hope she sank upon the bosom of Julian Glendower.

The young man clasped her tightly in his arms, and gazed down on her pale face.

"Emma! Emma!" he cried, "you are safe now. They have not harmed you. They have not forced you to wed with him?"

"Julian! my lord!" the maiden answered. "They could not do that. They might have killed me; but not that!"

At this moment Sir Thomas came rushing to the spot, but when he saw Glendower he started back again.

"Death and furies!" he gasped, turning pale as ashes. "Julian!"

"It is I!" returned our hero, with a forced calmness. "Thomas Cleveland, what—"

"Remember you!" bowed his lordship, again springing forward. "Aye—by the gods, I do remember, I do! Unhand that girl, or, by the gods, I'll make you unto death upon the spot where you then stand!"

He placed his hand upon Emma's arm as he spoke, but with a quick cry she threw him off, as Julian forgot that Thomas Cleveland was an earl; he forgot that he was in the presence of one in the intense fire that burst all bounds of restraint in his bosom; and with one single blow he made the foul wretch upon the broad, felling him to the floor senseless as a log.

In a few moments the earl regained before, and as he did so he drew himself slightly upon his shoulder. He turned, and beheld John Glendower the king's sheriff of Yorkshire.

"Thief and villain!" he said, "I am the sheriff said, "nor be here need of your presence to a little more than a month to command."

"Traitor!" cried Sir Thomas, still foaming with rage and pain, "you have come to your doom! In the act of disobey to be knocked down by my hand, you have made to rest easy! By heavens, where is that villain?"

"Hold, Sir Thomas," ordered the officer, detaining him by the arm, "I will not permit you to do that you can not have been sent here. Let Glendower only be taken, and—"

"Be—hold!"

"Stop! No late now." And then the sheriff added, in a low whisper, "You may save yourself much trouble and shame by doing as I bid you!"

There was something in the manner in which this was spoken, and in the meaning look which accompanied it, that caused his lordship not to shrink into submission at once. His pride and mating gave him a momentary rush, and he spoke quickly.

In the meantime there had been another scene in the drawing-room. Lavinia, the archbishop, and Walter Dean, had entered the apartment, and were met by two of the sheriff's deputies, and intercepted in their retreat. She was upon the point of leaving. She had claimed the privilege of seeing Donna once more, and had been refused positively; but her peerpower had little effect upon the officers.

Walter Dean had recognized the archbishop, and he, too, would have shrunk away had he not been detained. But he controlled by nature, and all his base courage, which he could exhibit to those over whom he had authority, left him when the sheriff Aldeford looked him in the eye.

When Rose had fallen upon the neck of her dear mistress till she had wept herself blind; and when the first emotions of joy were over, and refreshed her; and the honest woodman had blessed God that he once more grasped her by the hand—then she turned to Julian, and asked him:

"What is it? What has happened?"

"Wait," he answered. "I will follow the sheriff, and we shall see. There is mystery in it as yet yet. But something very terrible must have been brewed together at the out, and there is some strong reason why you have been left with me. But we shall see. They have led the earl in—let us follow!"

The strange party thus strangely assembled in the large drawing-room of Wolehill Hall. The sheriff and his men were the first to enter, and they looked ruly and vindictive. Near her sat Walter Dean, his bloated face worked over with evil emotions, though tour predominated. Sir Thomas was upon the floor, but he had risen upon his knees and patiently upon the man who had struck him, though at times he paled and trembled with another feeling. Donna Dean, Donna Warrenton, Mary Nolan, and Adam stood together in one corner of the room—while the rest of the party, at a distance off, quietly surveying the scene. The archbishop, Lavinia, and the two deputies were apart—for a few moments with the sheriff and Julian, while the latter was receiving the last parting after those who might possibly need looking after.

Most of them looked eager and anxious, for it was evident that some startling developments were in the wind. Lavinia Cleveland alone seemed to realise this, for as she saw Aldeford so familiar with Glendower, as she met the latter's triumphant glances of donne Warrenton, her courage forsook her, and she would have left the room and house at once and once, the keen fire of those intense passions, which even a deadly fear could not quench, would flash forth from her decayed, evil eye.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT'S COMING NOW!

Finally the lady Lavinia drew her chair close to her grandson, and whispered something in his ear. It should appear that she seemed to see it in the words the archbishop, he demanded:

"Sir, what shall all this parade? What means this intrusion upon the rights and privileges of a Britain? I warn you you are aware that you are laying yourself liable to severe penalties. I know my rights, and I will maintain them."

"Thomas Cleveland," returned the prelate, with a portentous look and tone, "circumstances have occurred to which warrant the course I have pursued, and had I no authority but my own will to govern my conduct, you cannot blame me if the fullest extent. But we have more authority. The officers who accompany me have power, by writ competently issued, to do much more than I could have done. I came, first to liberate my well-beloved child, the lady Emma Dean; and having found her I take her into my custody."

"To liberate her?" repeated Sir Thomas, with a sneer. "You use strange language, sir. She was under the care of no lawful guardian, who was fully competent to protect and provide for her."

"Aye," added Walter, who felt called upon to speak in behalf of his lawful guardian, "I am."

"We shall see," said the archbishop, with a significant nod of the head. And then turning to the earl, he continued:

"One next object is to find Margaret Glendower."

Both Sir Thomas and his grandmother were startled by this name as the rank sheriff seemed to be stricken with a deadly fear; but she shook it off in a moment, and he, more slowly, and with a contemptuous laugh:

"I should hope you right find her, sir."

"We intend to find her," returned Aldeford, "for we know she is in this building, somewhere."

"It is false!" repeated the lady. "She is not here! I have not seen her!"

"Listen not to the malicious woman," cried Julian, starting forward. "I will go and find her if she be here."

"You may go," said he archbishop.

"Stop!" cried Sir Thomas, in an undertone, if you wish," remarked Lovell.

"Not," replied our hero. "I will go alone. I can find her—none else," he added, casting his eyes upon the woodman. "Adam will go with me."

"Be it so," said the sheriff, in a somewhat altered, stepping forward.

Julian and Adam left the apartment, and at the same moment Sir Thomas and Walter Dean, in an upper corridor by one of the servants, and when she joined them she looked with and her face was flushed, and her eyes were bright and cheeks.

"Can you show me more my mistress is confined?" our hero asked.

"Yes, my lord," whispered Annabella. "*Is she your mother?*"

"No."

The woman seized the young man by the arm, and gazed eagerly into his face.

"Then," she said, as the light emanated, in a hoarse, startling whisper, "You are! you are! the lady Rose has told me yet you did not—but—But come—tell me something. Tell me only whether you are—"

"The archbishop of York; and the sheriff and their men are in the house. Now, Annabella, lead on Mark; and Mary Nolan; and there my mistress is confined."

"And what will they do?" she asked, still holding Julian by the arm, and speaking in the same whisper as before.

"They have come to get the lady Emma and Rose away."

"But they have come for more than that!"

"I know it well," he said. "I am sure of it. Do you no more, for the time not told me."

Annabella released her hold upon the young man, and then the youth's arm, and bending her gaze to the floor, she walked on in silence. She said not a word for—I shall come. But you would find your lodging there first upon you, and what else?"

Thus speaking Annabella led the way down to the hall, and Julian followed close behind the door of the cell in which Margaret was confined. She drew back the heavy bolts and then turned to the words and to her lady's side.

"You will find her in there," she said; and with these words she departed, left him alone.

Julian opened the door and looked in. He saw Margaret sitting upon the cot, and when she saw him she sprang to her feet. Her face was pale and wan, and the traces was wasted; but there was a flash of joy that lighted up her eyes, and in a moment more she had fainted in his arms. The joyous shock had been more than she could stand. Julian bore her to the bed, and carried beneath the imploring passionate tears of her lover. She was not dead, but she was very sick and blessed him.

"Oh, Julian," she said, "I thought you were gone

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY TAMAR ANNE KENNEDE.

One by one our days are gliding,
Gliding silently away;
Some are spent in careless gladness,
Heedless of the touch of misery;
Some in weary, toilsome labor,
Where the light is largely mixed
With the sombrous gray.

Others pass in cloud and sorrow,
Day gives place to care and pain;
Death of many a friend bereaves us,
Hope, deathlike, deserts us,
Fate is to all-ruling out before us,
So dazzling hues bear soon they've had,
They never come again.

Swiftly are our fleeting moments
Treading in the distant future;
Others soon when they have vanished,
And the morning is often heralded,
Which with new sight o'quickening feel,
And with new hopes inspire us,
Soon will pinnacle on the last.

TWO EVENINGS IN ONE LIFE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Then you will not go home with me?"

"No! I, my dear fellow. I have not forgotten, though you seem to have done so, that I have a home of my own once more, and a dear little wife waiting for me there."

"I beg his thousand pardons. Pray give my compliments to Miss Leigh, and tell her I shall soon come and beg her to fulfill the promise she made to me a week ago."

"And what was that?"

"Oh, you need not look daggers at me, Leigh. She only promised to take me out in the little boat you have lately given her."

"That she will do with pleasure, I am very sure. Poor child, she danced with delight when I first showed it to her, as it lay at the water's edge. Goodby, Rivers, you must come and see us soon."

The two gentlemen, who had just alighted from the coach together, shook hands and separated, each going his own way. The younger of the two, a good-natured, very fond married man, was hastening to his wife and family; the other elapsed his hands behind him, with his gold-headed cane trailing on the ground, and walked thoughtfully in another direction, another part of the town, which lay along the shore of the broad Atlantic. He knew that the road would have attracted scatter in a crowd, by the peculiarity of his gait and bearing. He was somewhat above the medium height, and finely and gracefully formed. More than sixty years had passed above his head, yet he was stately and erect as ever, and the light of his dark blue eyes was undimmed. His hair, still dark and glossy, fell in curelon curls upon the collar of his coat, and he wore a beard and mustache that became him himself would have delighted to paint. His features were straight and regular, his face grave and melancholy, yet a sensual expression lingered around the roughened mouth that marred its beauty. His manner was dignified and courtlean, his voice low and musical, and his speech singularly refined. In one word, he was a man whom many women might have loved, yet who had grown dissatisfied with the world, and the beautiful of his friends, and who felt a certain scorn and disgust at the things which he had enjoyed, which had once filled his heart. I do not think his life had been a very happy one, after all, and at his close, his own melancholy temperament tended to add to its gloom. There was one ray of light, however, on his path. If he had been in a foreign country, I dare say he would never become a mock, but as he lived in the United States he contented himself with emerging at a second time, and taking to his home and heart a girl of seventeen—a gay young creature, only fit to be his grandchild, so the discontented gentleman daily said. He was going home to her now, after an absence of two days.

I think the pity of these indignant gossips, male and female, was entirely wasted on Mrs. Edith Leigh. She was the gayest creature in her new home, dancing about from morning till night, and singing as if she had the heart of a bird within her bosom. Mrs. Gough—if she had been told of the poor attendance, and that her cruel guardian had forced her to become the wife of Mr. Leigh. If she ran the risk, a disappointment in love might serve to agree with her excellently. She was coy, and happy, and healthy, and always in motion, driving her pony chaise upon the beach, rowing her little "dory" in the harbor, or ordering her servants to hand about in a way that made every one stare; and if she ever thought of her absent lover, I dare say it was in the silence of her own room, when she was lying broad awake in the moonlight, with a sleepy look just stealing into her large gray eyes. We never know the secret lives of those who are dwelling with us, or around us, and I am sure I cannot tell you if Mrs. Edith devoured any sighs or tears or bent sometimes over the one who slumbered so unsuspiciously beside her, during those long watches, and thought of another, whose place he should have been, and wept, and wished that she was dead. It would be a very foolish conjecture on my part, if I were to say it was not what she have been so. She held her peace, and so will I.

As Joshua Leigh lifted the latch of the little rustic gate that led into the grounds of "Sachem Cottage," Edith came running up the garden path to meet him. It was long after sunset, and the moon was just trembling down in a long line of light upon the sea, but by virtue of the young street, the night air was soft and calm, and the scene so alluring—so bright and beautiful, so holy. Dressed in a plain blue muslin, with a coquettish little black silk apron, and a cluster of geraniums in her hair, she spent along like a fairy, and dragging her arm around her husband, fell smothered him with kisses.

"Oh, I have been watching, watching, ever since the clock struck five," she said, breathlessly. "How could you have the heart to be so late?"

"Oh, so lonely," she sighed, and leaning her head upon his shoulder, she looked up into his face with a smile. Her husband's eyes were full of love and tenderness as he returned her gaze, and yet, as always when she was most fond, a pain was at his heart. Even in her affection he felt insecure. She came and nestled in his arms, and loved him, as a petted bird might sit upon his master's hand. But if the bird's wings are never clipped, who shall answer for its tame submission to a cage, even though it be a gilded one? There was a wild, free soul looking out of Edith's eye, that threatened to leave all the behind it when at first it felt its pinions, and the old man felt, at times, that she was lost, even when she was most, his own.

They walked down the path together, her hands clasping his arm, and her small feet dancing to agile measure, that still kept pace with his slower step. By the "sea sea shore" they paused, and looked out upon the water, which was dashing and swelling against the garden wall. The lights of the city twinkled faintly in the distance, looking a thin veil of haze, and a steamer coming up the bay carried a red signal upon her deck. The voices of the sailors on the ships that were anchored in the bay, sounded distinctly on the air in the stillness of the night, and the rolling of carriages on the beach was not yet quite done. Their noise was blended and mingled and encircled with flowers, with its latticed casements open, and the light on the table within, and the balcony above the balcony, like a star—oh! how fair and dear a place it seemed to the world-weary man, as he gazed upon it. It was Edith's turn to sigh for its peace and quiet in after years, but she was not thinking of that just then. Her eyes were fixed upon the little boat that lay rocking on the water just below them, and her thoughts were with the past.

"Well, Edie, darling, what can make you look so serious?" said her husband, laying his hand gently on here as he spoke.

She started, and leaned her head against his shoulder as she still kept her eyes fixed upon the waves.

"I was not thinking of anything in particular, only listening to the sea. I believe I am like 'little Pearl' I want to know what the waves are saying. Something sad, I am very sure."

"And what?"

"Because they make me sad."

"Then listen no longer, my child. I think I could hear my dinner bell, and I like to see it sitting upon your face."

She stirred the pebbles on the wall with her foot, and sent them plashing over into the bay.

"I am ready—I am coming," she said, without looking up. "I remember it made me love you at first, but I believed you would be happy when I came to you."

"And am I not, my darling? Happier than I have ever been before—happier than I ever hope to be—too happy; I am afraid, for I am sure it cannot last for long at this rate."

She was looking at him now, with a pleased smile on her face, but her husband could see the hour how she is loved?

"I am glad—I am glad!" she exclaimed, steadying her head into his. "And yet I often think I have offended you, when you look so grave."

"Say, my pet, that I am glad, and I speak no more and forever. From the first hour when we met, you have been a joy and a delight to me. And if I look grave, it is not because I am displeased with you, but—but—well, I would not always been so pleasant to me as it is now, dear child, and the strangeness of your position has not always bright or beautiful, yet they will cross my mind. Dear child! happy child! you have no memories to haunt you, no past to regret, and I wish to have had a part."

She looked wondering her soft hair, and her head was a little bent, or I think the sudden rush of crimson to her face would have been seen by a little, and if he had chanced to touch her cheek, he would have felt it burning hot. But he did not know at what age Eve ate the apple in the Garden of Eden—she could not have been many days old, surely—and was not particularly well even seventeen years! Perhaps the prophet of Lycotis, were right, after all, and it is in the "Tree of knowledge" that the serpent lurks, and not in the dark form in the light of love.

The steamer coming up the bay was now close near the cottage, and it was playing on her deck.

"Oh, listen, listen!" cried Edith, as the sweet, sad air of "Bear me, Norna," fell upon her ear. She loved music—and indeed, what woman does not?—she was so gay; her husband felt her heart beat against his shoulder, and thought it was the sound reached the pier, and the band stopped, her eyes were full of tears.

"Silly child!" he said, but his voice was gentle, and his manner fond. She clung to him, strangely moved and shaken.

"Oh, my dear Julian, let me hear you say again that I have made you happy—that I shall be so. I have not been a good wife to you—that I have not loved you well as I ought."

"Why, what is this, my darling? You are trembling and excited. Tonight is not like all the rest. Come, let us go in."

He stepped over the low wall, and put his hand down to help her, but she sprang from it herself, and looked up at the moonlit sky, and then at the sea, and then at her husband's face, with a look of wondering fear. Then she was from the happy child who had worn the same expression but a few years before, it was impossible not to recognize Edith Leigh.

She was not alone. A gay party of Americans filled the boat—their friends, and she was traveling with them on their continent. She had left the cottage home before. The prayer of the old man could not make the darling from a long and weary leaving and she never dreamed that she might learn to be happy again in the society of one who loved her far more than himself.

He was not. Her sad, sweet face opened upon her husband's heart, and filled it with a pain that yet a stranger one. Turning away from the moonlit sea, he led her into the house, and she permitted and encouraged the attendance of a fresh servant on her person. She was away for thirty years her senior, and who followed her about and watched over her much as a grave, serious mother might over a child, or an elder ship of a stray kitten. She filled him for his sinful and hardened life, and he was glad to allow him to speak of the future or to him at any other time, but have been a joy and a delight to me. And if I look grave, it is not because I am displeased with you, but—but—well, I would not always been so pleasant to me as it is now, dear child, and the strangeness of your position has not always bright or beautiful, yet they will cross my mind. Dear child! happy child! you have no memories to haunt you, no past to regret, and I wish to have had a part."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS are always dated from the beginning of the issuing every week, and the number or no of the issue when he wishes his subscription to begin.

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THE LAST EVENT.

Death is the destroyer of every man's felicity! no ugly shadow that darkens the brightest noon; a frost that defies vegetable growth, and the glory of summer. It is the great horror of every fancy, the great agony of every heart. It sows pain, sorrow, fatigue, and unsatisfied hungerer, whose mere expanse as it feeds, and whose thirst grows with the rush of the fountain that slakes it. A direful shuffling between all our harmonies; a cloud black and tearful in the sky; a wind that comes out of over the waters; a thirst, slimy mist in the air, and a land-waste on the earth, where no man lives. No submission nor bribe, no flattery nor oration, no prayer nor threatening can move it. It does know no time, no ceremony, no fear and no reverence. The king and the beggar, the rich and the poor, the tyrant and his slave, have all the same stake. Sleepers on velvet cushions, in dungeons, and upon the rack, claim the upbraid of death. He carries a beaters, whose taper wick is fed by the light of souls struggling through clouds of drowned eternity. He is in the air, in the earth, in the sea, on the ground of his feet, and in the fountain that sparkles the brim of the whirlpool! The winged Mercury of all "degrees distinguished," prince, murder, plague and fire.

The crimson dye of peace is his inheritance, the wail of the world is his music, and night is his shade. He is the supreme sovereign, and the only lawful king of graves men, but he delights are held on battle-fields, to massacre, and he delights in inquisitions, beside men's blocks, and lamentations and the groans of men.

Death is the genius of graveyards, the god of wrecks. He snatches the flag from the mast, the victor from his wreath, the judge from his ermine, and the bishop from his mitre. The hearth is made desolate by his, and the altar cut off by moonlight. Lovers, parents and children, and friends are parted at his nod. Even the poor miser, who has plund and suffered a lifetime, he robs from his gold. There is no contending by will nor cost of, no honor is never undisputed, no seal unbroken. He enters even the bed of the mother and his carcass. Yet death has some good points. His indiscriminacy is not without merit. He takes the whip from the tyrant, and the chain from the oppressed. He relieves the beggar of his rags, the sufferer of his pain, and the weeper of his grief. He opens dungeon doors, breaks down prison walls, and lets the captive go free. He is the scourge of innocence, the protector of weakness, and the rebuker of injustice. He reaches the protest the true value of his fields, the merchant of his goods, the money-lender of his gold. He sets right the wrong, wipes out distinctions of blood, and proves the equality of men.

Death is a startling Democrat, a leveler, without mist or measure, and without a righteous, impartial, and undistinguishing judge. He makes no word of distance, the lash, and all wears infirmities and indistinct than himself. While he is a tyrant, he is also a drudge and a slave. We can force our hostess upon him, and he cannot escape. He is bound to serve the beggar as well as the prince. He cannot choose a monarch's bounty, but round and round the cabin and shoulder, upon his task, the pack-horse of mankind. He feels no favority, for he has no will—commits no strategy, and knows not a bad. His office is negative, his term bounded, his end unalterable. Death is the only thing great fixed. He views so many tasks as he blights flowers, and he does other flowers more abundantly than fastest. Why should we fear him more than any other servant of God?

THE COMING.

We are soon to have a visit from the great comet of Charles V. It has already come within range of the telescopes of the Parisian astronomers. Its first appearance was in 1264, when it frightened the people half out of their senses. It disappeared on the 2nd day of October of that year, and as Pope Urban IV. died on that very day, a story went at once started that the soul had been carried off by the comet, from which fact a theology got accredited theory of the cause of its visit was deduced. Its next appearance was in 1264, when it again caused a great commotion, as the people had not yet found out what harmless things were the comets of heavens at the skies are. Its appearance about this time will probably occasion no alarm in any region where newspapers circulate. We are too familiar, to these days with steam, lightning, and other fiery and fatal matters, to care about the rapid movements or long tails of these celestial fevers. In this fast age, comets are "old fogies."

NEWARK INFRINGEMENT.—We are glad to perceive that the "powers that be" are repairing the streets and roads leading to the upper end of the Island, with an efficiency which bids fair soon to render New York one of the most favored of cities, so far as access to its suburbs, and "drives" in its vicinity, are concerned. This was certainly much needed, as the roads on this Island have been in a shameful condition during the past year.

SLOTHFULNESS.

No one familiar with the sayings of Solomon has failed to notice how frequently a theme slothful soon was with him. He has condemned it with a variety of comparisons well calculated to make the possession odious and the avoidance desirable. His slothful time is represented as under reference to the diligent, and as failing to reach the very mean he may have taken in the chase, because of his laziness. His way is described as a hedge of thorns, while he is invested with giving unmistakable evidence of being "broader to grow grain master." Indeed, even into his bed, before he comes to his biographer's grave, he carries his sloth and his planting, he is followed with the wise man's rod of reproof, and told that he turneth on his couch as his an old door on its hinges!

What American youth could consider them terrible sallow upon slothfulness, and ever tolerate the thought even of indulging in it afterwards? If there be such, we will say a word in spite of the Father of his Country, say more than of the great teacher of Wisdom just quoted, for freedom from this habit was pre-eminent in Washington. One of his biographers gives the following testimony to this trait in his beautiful character, and speaks of it as a remarkable one: "Washington, not only in the same authority, a combination of this with his mere methodical exactitude and uncompromising love of punctuality, secured him an amount of industry importance, hazard, and difficulty when he was merely a planter, that, in the history of anything further could possibly be needed to successfully. Every one of his contemporaries who knew him and invite them to its opposites, we would add the combination of the two habits. The man, who consumes faster than labor wears"—as, consumes the very health, as well as the character!

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Although the greatest events in this fast age become stale almost in the breath which announces them, we think the Ocean Telegraph will bear discussion for some time to come. We do not wish to express a fear of what the poorest heart *fain* in regard to this great fact. Hitherto we have been the humor for whatever the gods sent, or in we have had to require considerable of his table were soft huckleberries and fried fish. Two girls daughters, I suppose, and their mother. Never a belief that is to say, they existed in a certain ghostly fashion, with their arms hanging by their sides and their eyes fixed upon the floor, and not about as much use as two stones on castors, as it would have been to have given them a piece of conversation. "What on earth is a fellow to call them?" I asked myself, as I sat down to my meal. Then I appeal to them. "Girl!" it was no use. "You, the table had, for the same reason. The rock of Gibraltar couldn't have stood it better.

Now if this was a pronounced bashfulness, I should have nothing to say, but I am inclined that was not immediately before us, unless some philanthropic Yankee has considerably below that of the Indian. By this fact is clearly suggested the important question, Is the aboriginal race extinct? Is it the great declension in education, little as it has been heretofore, in practice. Are there many learning girls receiving the kind of knowledge which will enable them to be fit companions? If the facts require an answer in the negative, as we more than fear they do, then should the friends of education be aroused to their responsibility. Let the public

BE AWAKENED TO THE NECESSITY OF MORE SCHOOLS, not by any of those speeches in stock dramas, but because women are silently taking the positions of business life for which nature and necessity have given them a claim in the girl's educational curriculum—both as to what and how she is taught—must inevitably follow course or later.

DIFFERENCE IN TIME.

Many people imagine when their clock is striking ten o'clock, for example, that it is noon all the world over; and even those who know that the hour varies with the degree of longitude, and that when the fact brought home to them in a realizing manner. To show the difference in time in some of the prominent cities of the Union, we give the following table, which has been calculated with great exactness. When it is noon at New York, it is—

At Boston, Mass.,	12 minutes past 12
At Albany, N. Y.,	8 minutes past 12
At Philadelphia,	4 minutes past 12
At Baltimore, Md.,	10 minutes past 11
At Washington, D. C.,	6 minutes past 11
At Richmond, Va.,	16 minutes past 11
At Buffalo, N. Y.,	49 minutes past 11
At Detroit, Mich.,	26 minutes past 11
At Pittsburgh, Pa.,	35 minutes past 11
At Cleveland, O.,	41 minutes past 11
At Cincinnati, O.,	56 minutes past 11
At Louisville, Ky.,	49 minutes past 11
At Detroit, Mich.,	26 minutes past 11
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At Milwaukie, Wis.,	18 minutes past 11
At Indianapolis, Ind.,	14 minutes past 11
At Cincinnati, O.,	56 minutes past 11
At Chicago, Ill.,	4 minutes past 11
At St. Louis, Mo.,	16 minutes past 10
At St. Paul, Minnesota,	44 minutes past 10

THINK OF IT.

It is one thing to grow up like a cabbage or a pig, and quite another to grow up like a man. And yet thousands act as though they had never reflected the difference. They are left by their fathers from their comfort, for they appear to have no thought of providing for their lives—if they have any worthy to be called—but those of the lower order of animals at the most, and to be content to lounge and repose. Hence they live to eat and sleep, instead of eating and sleeping to live. Only a few of the U. S. Mail Steamship Company in this swinish routine, it is to add unnatural animalism to their already perverted natural ones, and as the use of narcotics and stimulants, which steal away the understanding, and make beasts of men, having taken away the understanding.

Think of it! And for in your mind true notions of life, now—this very hour—this very minute—before you lay down the paper which carries this sentence to your eye—and to him concerned for the welfare of your class!

DIPLOMACY AND ELECTRICITY.

The successful working of the Atlantic Telegraph will, of course, greatly increase the facility and opportunities for international intrigue which they have, heretofore, enjoyed. Say, they will find their power to do mischief—the secret which they have been enabled to maintain. Of this the electric agent will deprive them by telling many a diplomatic secret before they shall have been able to use it for purposes of intrigue to any great extent. The telegraph is a wonderful revealer of hidden things, as the celebrate at Washington, London, Paris, and St. Petersburgh have found out already.

For this restraint and modification of diplomacy, so far as its evils are concerned, the world will have cause to be thankful.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

NOTES OF A SUMMER TOUR.

NUMBER II.

Lake George is a little gem, though we saw it only through a veil of rain, for our absolutely refused to brighten it up or one brief moment. "Such a pity. It must be surpassingly lovely on a fine day," we said to each other, as we looked out we anxiously watched the sky clouds. Everybody agreed, and said the same, but we could not cause ladies, more romantic than we, took their stations on the upper deck, quite in the dancing rain and rain, giving their gentlemen friends constant company in looking about them, and their feet and shoulders, till they looked like bandaged mummies. After a while the rain died down, and I saw some mysterious-looking flasks drawn from the afore-mentioned gentlemen's pock-ets, and held to the lips of the ladies. Then I concluded that the handy sometimes does for a woman what sentiment will not.

Just now again the old tumbering stage-coach of the region came for a trip—a very big, and tall, and plough through the mud, and we push in, like bipeds of burden, and have a plenty of jolting and tanging, for many of the party are young and merry, and it was absurd to listen to their fully wars and repartees, and to look upon the Mercy a good thing was said, though had it not been a good, we would have laughed upon the slightest provocation, for our legs and arms were bruised by the jolts. The "old maid-ed" dignity" quite out of the question, and generally impromptu. At the Sabbath-rest Hotel before they called the things "hotel") at the foot of Lake Champlain, where we were to dine, we had a "scene" in the way of one of the lady passengers to be, "and don't go in there. I did it once, and could not get out for a long time," said the gentlemen. "What on earth is a fellow to call them?" I asked myself, as I sat down to my meal. Then I appeal to them. "Girl!" it was no use. "You, the table had, for the same reason. The rock of Gibraltar couldn't have stood it better.

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"SMALL TALKERS."

These are tea-table apendages, and sometimes they are very pretty ones. Their pretty faces are usually "prim, pure-gentlemen," ill petitioned and pretty. Gentlemen imagine of "words of no tone," they lip, or cultivate some delicate unpronunciation of one of the four-and-twenty letters, or of a few well-selected syllables. They have a chicken's perseverance in picking up the smallest grain or chaff of tea-table intelligence, yet are not greedy in the possession of it: you may have their second-hand nothings at less than the cost trouble. They will is as an island in a vast sea of their personal self: you may land if indeed, and by it, and never make it; or if you think you do, you will find that you may take for it, and keep to drift to its shore; but when you really see it under your love, you may count round it, and cast your prize overboard as too bold by it: but you might as soon tie your hose or your horse up with a sunbeam, or get a will-o'-the-wisp to light you like a well-bred fashionable-bodied servant to your feet as to make small talkers of them. The very their minds could not be hidden under a bushel; a bushel would be a dome of "empty space" and verge enough" for it. Like one' good deed in a naughty world," it might shine far and wide through, and yet not glid it somehow. Their mere delicate, prim mouths are like a perfumer's shop, and their tongues handling. Their talk is like only brushless bonny, essence of Tyre, bloom of violet sweetness, and a thousand essences that are advertised in the newspapers. They "die of a rose in aromatic" anguish, and are conveyed by lavender-water and other "soft appliances" they have a horror. In their overanxiety of nerves We would soonor sit as an open wink five poodle-dogs in the same box, or be in a small room with three howling devotees, than talk with one of them.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

A statement made by the Superintendent of the Public Schools of this city, in the report of his last examination of their pupils, has arrested no unusual share of attention. We allude to the fact, therein by made apparent, that the girls have, as a general rule, excelled the boys in the same schools. In other words, that a comparison of the answers in the Female Grammar Departments with those in the Female Grammar Departments with those in the male schools, the former have demonstrated that the average grade of their scholarship is considerably below that of the latter. By this fact is clearly suggested the important question, Is the aboriginal race extinct? Is it the great declension in education, little as it has been heretofore, in practice. Are there many learning girls receiving the kind of knowledge which will enable them to be fit companions? If the facts require an answer in the negative, as we more than fear they do, then should the friends of education be aroused to their responsibility. Let the public

BE AWAKENED TO THE NECESSITY OF MORE SCHOOLS, not by any of those speeches in stock dramas, but because women are silently taking the positions of business life for which nature and necessity have given them a claim in the girl's educational curriculum—both as to what and how she is taught—must inevitably follow course or later.

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Many people imagine when their clock is striking ten o'clock, for example, that it is noon all the world over; and even those who know that the hour varies with the degree of longitude, and that when the fact brought home to them in a realizing manner. To show the difference in time in some of the prominent cities of the Union, we give the following table, which has been calculated with great exactness. When it is noon at New York, it is—

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At Albany, N. Y.,	8 minutes past 12
At Philadelphia,	4 minutes past 12
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At Washington, D. C.,	6 minutes past 11
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At Buffalo, N. Y.,	49 minutes past 11
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WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—SPECIALLY REVISED FOR THE LEDGER BY REV. DR. CHAPIN.

It is common to say that a liar will not be believed although he speak the truth. Whether the proposition is exactly true, has more understanding than a man who has acquired a reputation for veracity and so he discovered enough for utter what is false; but he that would make use of a reputation for veracity to establish a lie, would act fire to the temple of truth with a beggar stolen from her altar.

POLITICS and personalities will give a temporary interest to authors, but they will not command a name if they would wish to retain that interest permanent. It is the unchanging wisdom and virtue which are the only true foundation, if men could but have ascertained where to begin.

EXPERIENCE, like every other excess, produces a satiety. Men are tired of their own vices, and even of the vices of others. Hence, hopeless that the experience of the next age will be the same as ours, and the same as that of the next succeeding, and so on to the end of time.

THE dungeon and the bastile and revolting executioners employed by crime seem in their sanitary endeavors to impress themselves against the free of the most awful, remind me of the beauty dragon nailed upon our barns as harmonious plants against fire in the hands.

"I don't know what to do," exclaimed a perplexed husband; "my wife is always saying, 'I wish to have a fit.'" "Well, you can either buy fit with one of your own coats, or you can send her to a tailor's," was the reply.

THE two most precious things on this side of the grave are conscience and love. It is to be honored with the most contemptible whipper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest wrong-doer of the other.

HABIT will reconcile us to everything but change, and even to change it will reconcile us at last. Habit makes his bed as his house as well as an ocean, feeding his flocks at sea as on land, and taking them at anchor.

HE is not what we earn but what we save that makes us rich. It is not what we get but what we get that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember that makes us learned.

NOBILITY is a fever that sets with a continent and rises with a mountain, and a thousand streams flow at once; but, unlike all other fevers, it is more grand as its height.

A LUDDLEIA editor speaks lightly of kissing matches, and says he would rather see a man fight than fleece. Segar is her match, and he knows that kissing generally relieves the tension.

An acquaintance of ours says that, since he discovered that his wife was a descendant of one of the old Dutch emigrants, he can't get mad so often as they did before.

MARRIAGE is a most distinguished companion. Nobody likes the society of a fellow who, his friends suppose, has a wife at home to whom he is tied for life.

"You know, dear wife, that you and I are one, and so that when I beat you I beat no one but myself." "Ah, I'm sure you beat me a good deal harder than you beat yourself."

THE century we used to feel at the discovery of a bird's nest, that little dish running over with seeds and berries, and containing a tiny egg or two, speckled with red.

"How are you to-day?" said a gentleman to a lady whom he met with was ill. "Oh, I am suffering a good deal from a badly-dressed cold."

THERE is a man in Illinois so lazy that he is bashful about courting. We were almost that envious surgeon of our acquaintance must be considered a bashful man.

SHUCH, if not directed to some peculiar end, is the mind's specious telling. It is the chase for sport alone, and the game is nothing.

THE more seldom a lawyer gets a chance to speak to the point, the more he is apt to speak to it when his brief, the more he is hedge.

"Yes, good as a fine joint of veal," said a poor man to his patron; "and I have several months to feed, and then I shall be fit for the table."

"I'm sure you're very fond of music," said a bashful young widow, "that I have understood." "Yes, ma'am," replied the widower, "I am fond of any air, that is not a sigh."

DEATH has been justly called pitiless. We have never known a case in which he showed any pity or favor, though we have known hundreds plied by cruel pain.

THE persons who are supposed to have taken the most interest in the late election are those who broke the lookingglass.

IF a man has a great idea of himself, it is certain to be only great idea he will ever have.

IT is said that a man who has a new head bringing out a new hero, entitled, "A Journey Around my Wife."

THE poorest sailor may deliver that which it is truly easy to speak with the finger at the bottom.

THE Illinois Legislature possessed of the moon, when it seems to be only the moon.

CURRENT ITEMS.

JOHN GOODWIN, while hunting near Little Rock in Arkansas a short time since, shot a rabbit, which fell into a hollow log. On examining the log, he found in it a pig, which had got up the hole, and as he escaped in the ground for that purpose. The rabbit was also found to be in the log, and was taken out. The pig was about the size of a rabbit, and as his shoes and feet were not adapted for digging, he had to share and burrow his way out. The rabbit, it appears, was in the log before the pig, and had taken possession of it. The pig, however, was not to be driven out, and he and the rabbit lived in the log together, which he was not of much benefit to the rabbit, which at once called itself and sprang upon the pig, and fastened it by the throat, and the pig, and terrible wounded as to keep it from coming to the mouth of the log, when the hunter, who had been killed the rabbit, which proved to be a buck snake about eight feet long.

A SCENE occurred in the Illinois Legislature during great applause by manifestations of courage unusual in her sex. She first threatened to kill a man who had annoyed her, and in the absence of the former, and finally attacked the man with a pair of tongs, which she wielded with such effect that she broke his arm. The man, however, when the young lady was alone, was specially put in charge of the sergeant-at-arms, and has since had to keep out of it as a measure to say commonly.

A YOUNG German, named Matchenhoffer, recently shot a young girl in Houston street, in this city, where he had formerly lived, and then went to the house where she then went to his boarding-house in fifteenth street and blew out his brains.

A GENTLEMAN named Butler recently died in Boston, Mass., at the advanced age of eighty-seven years, leaving eighteen children and a large property.

LARGE droves of wolves have appeared in the woods near Hamburgh, Pa. A man who was out hunting in the vicinity a short time since, was pursued by a pack of them, and narrowly escaped being eaten.

A MAN in Detroit recently had an attack of paralysis, with the physicians say was caused by the loss of tobacco put up in plug.

A MEMBER of the Tennessee Legislature has been arrested for forging papers to secure land warrants from the United States government.

NEARLY one thousand bushels of blackberries have been shipped from Hudson, Ind., this season, for which $10,000 was paid.

THE TRUE FRIENDS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"They brave me sting in the heart of memory,—as then on the wing of time."—Mad. Maintenon to Mad. Brinon.

Brinon Come one day, with Freeman was meeting
Mad Ambrose's beguiling smile,
So, giving each other a stately greeting,
They sat down to gossip awhile.

"I hope you are well, dear, this elegant weather,—
How delightful the scenery,"—and
"And how do you prosper,"—both scanning together
With regard to your business and land.

"Oh, where the rain doesn't fall and brambles were springing
Up,
With foreign the apple-tree bough,
Where the wheat-fields are waving, and sweeping,
And the sun of the vineyard is warm.

"Let us walk hand in hand, for on shadowy carter,
Till the vine o'er the meadows shall grow,
No suit of green velvet, the brown lands be wearing,
And sweets with plenty overflow.

"The gold is in mine, with excitement and wonder
His garter an emerald band,—
And the chariot of Mars trample on its thunder,
For we have its true strength of the land.

"For us, no love with its hot outrage is grieving,
Each welcome so safe, so far prize,
Nothing to fear, and nothing we're leaving,
No cause for the glance of tears!"

Hartford, Conn., July 21st, 1856.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXX.

NADIE'S LAST TRICK.

From the day when the beleaguered garrison beheld the destruction of the tower in which their countrymen had taken refuge, a feeling of despondency fell on them—and foreboding that their cruelties was not for distant—that the promised succor, if ever it did arrive, would make its appearance only to avenge their fall, and not in time to save them.

The men plied although they did not murmur at the inactivity to which the stern necessity of their position confronted them. Those was the courage which preferred to brave death in the open field—confront the grisly monarch face to face, and the pomp and panoply of glorious war, the trumpet's cheer, the woman's rose, and all the soul-stirring element of the battle scene. The monotony of their present life—the dull, unsaving, round of guard, relief, and drill—fatigued their spirits more than the severest active service could have done.

The commander of the fort was now seen to be pitied than the hardest worked soldier in his regiment. Independent of the vast weight of responsibility cast upon him, he had the burden of a double and personal sorrow to bear—to endure his heartsickness with for the loss of her adopted child, and while the emotions of pity for her in his sensibly broast, yet to add poignancy to here.

"Were I buried than this were dead!" Lady Bell would frequently exclaim ;—" dead in mind, fled purity and honor, I might support this blow ; Hilo would remain to her heavy but the dread—the mention dread—that haunts me, waking or sleeping. I am her in the hands of treacherous supply ; imagination conjures up terrors that blanch my cheek to dwell upon,—which I would kill me to find words to utter."

Sometime in the bitterness of her grief she would call upon Wharton to rescue the bride of his friend—regretted him with coldness, hostility ; and when made unable of meeting Hadie by the sorrowful silence of the young officer, hastily repair her error and implore his forgiveness.

It was a bereavement that all sympathized in save one—Dorothy ; but even she pretended to do so, especially since the error which had proved so fatal to our poor and his companions for the men began to look coldly on him, as if they suspected his courage.

"But for his *prudence*," they drily repeated, and it was extraordinary how they dwelt upon the word, "or example, Mark Hoffman, and those who were with him, might have been saved."

As for corporal Black, he held him in positive aversion, and barely condescended to salute him when he passed in the quadrangle.

"He may be my officer, colonel," said the old man, saluting, in answer to a request which Sir Charles addressed to him on the subject, "but he is no man ; he has never once spoken a word of consolation or regret to poor Hadie, who, although his obstinacy caused the death of her husband."

"It was an error on the side of *over-caution*," observed the baronet ; "some men are guided by the head, others by the heart."

The corporal gave a dry, heartbroke breath !

"Discipline must be kept up, my colonel the speaker ; " as an old soldier, no one knows its necessity better than yourself ; do not let me have to find fault with you again."

Stock promised ; and made one or two ineffectual attempts to keep his word ; but, found it to be impossible, he did the next best thing—avoided all occasions of meeting Hadie, and confining himself to the quarters of the colonel and Lady Bell.

Sir Charles and his wife were seated in the sanctuary of the temple, on the evening of the third day after the fall of the tower. They were speaking of their lost one, so loved and mourned, when the officer who commanded the guard came to inform him that an aged fakir demanded admittance at the gate ; adding that, from his appearance, he suspected he had some communication to make respecting Mark Hoffman and his companions.

"Admit him!" commanded Rose, whose heart sounded with that lingering hope which women cling to, almost against reason. "A grey adept him ! Heaven, in its mercy, may have interposed to save him !"

The colonel shook his head despondingly. He knew how sensible it was to encourage so impossible a supposition.

"I will see the man," he said.

"Less not so hastily," urged his wife, with a sigh. "I can feel for poor Rose's agonies ; there is no pang like uncertainty, when it regards the fate of those we love."

The noble veteran waited only for the arrival of the corporal, for since the mysterious disappearance of Lallma he had never permitted her lady-ship to remain alone or without protection for a single instant—and then quitted the place.

"Oh, my lady," sobbed Rose, "do you think there is any chance, any hope that I shall ever see my husband again ?"

"All things are possible," replied her mistress, forgetting for an instant her own sorrow. "If not on earth," she added, "at least in Heaven—there, where I trust soon to rejoin my own lost Lillian."

In the hour of their mutual anguish, the distinction of rank—the artificial tie by which the world separates the children of one common family—marks the subject with the word *caste*, and breeds the low-bred ocean with the parish's stamp—were forgotten, and, true to the instincts of humanity, the two speakers, each here in a widely different sphere of life, mingled their sorrows together.

Grief is a and leveler ; we have heard of gentlest poverty, genteel distress, and nerve of genteel tears.

Perhaps some genteel lexicographer, shocked at the poverty of our language, will kneeze a word to meet the difficulty. When he has done so, we

RICHARD HOFFMAN.

NADIE AS A SPY.

will thank him for it publicly through the medium of our widely circulated pages.

On reaching the gates, the commander of the garrison found Fred Wharton, Burke, and a group of officers perfecting with an aged fakir, who obstinately refused the impost of grain of the which to pay but the colonel himself.

"Here is the adept," said the doctor, who had acted as interpreter to the others.

Sir Charles did not appear to doubt him, for Sir Charles Fourrees was one of those men who have the happy faculty of reading character at a glance—a faculty which, to the accident of birth merely confirmed it.

This was done, not to display his own learning, but to ascertain whether the fakir would understand him or not, for he seemed doubtful his claim to the garb he wore.

If an impostor, the fellow was, at any rate, a clever one, for he never moved a single muscle of his wrinkled countenance.

"The adept speaks, doubtless, with the wisdom of his own land," he observed, in a tone of apathy, as if he did not understand him.

The next question was to call upon him to explain the object of his visit.

"The foreigner," answered the old man, "are gods. If they live in the land of gold and silver, they know how to win the gold and gems of India." And, trusting to their liberality, he had brought them several pearls which had belonged to their countrymen, who were so hastily crushed beneath the ruins of the tower.

"Where did you obtain them?" demanded the doctor.

"From the saddle-bags of one of their horses."

As most of his hearers had seen Nadie and his companions dismount and abandon their steeds to the enemy, the assertion was not doubted. The papers were given up, and a suitable reward paid to the speaker.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Sir Charles, as he glanced rapidly over the leaves of a rough diary which Richard had kept, "my poor nephew has been perished by such a death."

The attention of Fred Wharton became painfully excited. He had never been able to shake off the impression that our hero might yet be in the fugitives, and his old feeling of hatred against Davidan began to revive in all its intensity.

"You speak of Tyrrell?" he said.

"Poor Tyrrell!" repeated the colonel ; "one gang at least was spared him ! he died without knowing the sad fate of her he so truly loved. I must confess that I feel deeply for him, for I know wife ; her heart is too severely wrung already."

The interview which we have just described took place by torchlight, at the gate of the temple. As the colonel spoke, he turned his face within, that it might be permitted to pass the night within the walls, saying at a plea his great age, and the ill-usage he would be subject to exposure in the open air. The men should they discover he had been in communication with the English.

"Gold pays for all risks," observed Burke, pointing to the bag of treasure, which still hung in his hand.

"Except the risk of life," replied the man.

"Even for that," added the former ; "you urge a unless prayer."

The rest of pendent fakir—for not even the doctor could come to a satisfactory conclusion on the point—seemed to be considering how the colonel was incurable. There was too much at stake to risk the safety, not only of the man, but the hopeless females within the walls by allowing him to remain.

As the aged hypocrite—for hypocrite he was—slowly retraced his steps, a half-naked man, scudded from a neighboring thicket, dashed through the sallyport. A dozen carbines were leveled at the fugitive, but, before a single shot could be fired, he had reached the ramparts, and, in a moment, he was concealed in the

"Let us wait local in hand, for on obstacle carter,
Till the vine o'er the meadows shall grow,
No suit of green velvet, the brown lands be wearing,
And sweets with plenty overflow.

"The gold is in mine, with excitement and wonder
His garter an emerald band,—
And the chariot of Mars trample on its thunder,
For we have its true strength of the land.

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NADIE'S LAST TRICK.

From the day when the beleaguered garrison beheld the destruction of the tower in which their countrymen had taken refuge, a feeling of despondency fell on them—and foreboding that their cruelties was not for distant—that the promised succor, if ever it did arrive, would make its appearance only to avenge their fall, and not in time to save them.

The men plied although they did not murmur at the inactivity to which the stern necessity of their position confronted them. Those was the courage which preferred to brave death in the open field—confront the grisly monarch face to face, and the pomp and panoply of glorious war, the trumpet's cheer, the woman's rose, and all the soul-stirring element of the battle scene. The monotony of their present life—the dull, unsaving, round of guard, relief, and drill—fatigued their spirits more than the severest active service could have done.

The commander of the fort was now seen to be pitied than the hardest worked soldier in his regiment. Independent of the vast weight of responsibility cast upon him, he had the burden of a double and personal sorrow to bear—to endure his heartsickness with for the loss of her adopted child, and while the emotions of pity for her in his sensibly broast, yet to add poignancy to here.

"Were I buried than this were dead!" Lady Bell would frequently exclaim ;—" dead in mind, fled purity and honor, I might support this blow ; Hilo would remain to be her heavy but the dread—the mention dread—that haunts me, waking or sleeping. I am her in the hands of treacherous supply ; imagination conjures up terrors that blanch my cheek to dwell upon,—which I would kill me to find words to utter."

Sometime in the bitterness of her grief she would call upon Wharton to rescue the bride of his friend—regretted him with coldness, hostility ; and when made unable of meeting Hadie by the sorrowful silence of the young officer, hastily repair her error and implore his forgiveness.

It was a bereavement that all sympathized in save one—Dorothy ; but even she pretended to do so, especially since the *error* which had proved so fatal to our poor and his companions for the men began to look coldly on him, as if they suspected his courage.

"But for his *prudence*," they drily repeated, and it was extraordinary how they dwelt upon the word, "or example, Mark Hoffman, and those who were with him, might have been saved."

As for corporal Black, he held him in positive aversion, and barely condescended to salute him when he passed in the quadrangle.

"He may be my officer, colonel," said the old man, saluting, in answer to a request which Sir Charles addressed to him on the subject, " but he is no man ; he has never once spoken a word of consolation or regret to poor Hadie, who, although his obstinacy caused the death of her husband."

"It was error on the side of *over-caution*," observed the baronet ; "some men are guided by the head, others by the heart."

The corporal gave a dry, heartbroke breath !

"Discipline must be kept up, my colonel the speaker ; " as an old soldier, no one knows its necessity better than yourself ; do not let me have to find fault with you again."

Stock promised ; and made one or two ineffectual attempts to keep his word ; but, found it to be impossible, he did the next best thing—avoided all occasions of meeting Hadie, and confining himself to the quarters of the colonel and Lady Bell.

Sir Charles and his wife were seated in the sanctuary of the temple, on the evening of the third day after the fall of the tower. They were speaking of their lost one, so loved and mourned, when the officer who commanded the guard came to inform him that an aged fakir demanded admittance at the gate ; adding that, from his appearance, he suspected he had some communication to make respecting Mark Hoffman and his companions.

"Admit him!" commanded Rose, whose heart sounded with that lingering hope which women cling to, almost against reason. "A grey adept him ! Heaven, in its mercy, may have interposed to save him !"

The colonel shook his head despondingly. He knew how sensible it was to encourage so impossible a supposition.

"I will see the man," he said.

"Less not so hastily," urged his wife, with a sigh. "I can feel for poor Rose's agonies ; there is no pang like uncertainty, when it regards the fate of those we love."

The noble veteran waited only for the arrival of the corporal, for since the mysterious disappearance of Lallma he had never permitted her lady-ship to remain alone or without protection for a single instant—and then quitted the place.

"Oh, my lady," sobbed Rose, " do you think there is any chance, any hope that I shall ever see my husband again ?"

"All things are possible," replied her mistress, forgetting for an instant her own sorrow. " If not on earth," she added, " at least in Heaven—there, where I trust soon to rejoin my own lost Lillian."

In the hour of their mutual anguish, the distinction of rank—the artificial tie by which the world separates the children of one common family—marks the subject with the word *caste*, and breeds the low-bred ocean with the parish's stamp—were forgotten, and, true to the instincts of humanity, the two speakers, each here in a widely different sphere of life, mingled their sorrows together.

Grief is a and leveler ; we have heard of gentlest poverty, genteel distress, and nerve of genteel tears.

Perhaps some genteel lexicographer, shocked at the poverty of our language, will kneeze a word to meet the difficulty. When he has done so, we will thank him for it publicly through the medium of our widely circulated pages.

On reaching the gates, the commander of the garrison found Fred Wharton, Burke, and a group of officers perfecting with an aged fakir, who obstinately refused the impost of grain of the which to pay but the colonel himself.

"Here is the adept," said the doctor, who had acted as interpreter to the others.

Sir Charles did not appear to doubt him, for Sir Charles Fourrees was one of those men who have the happy faculty of reading character at a glance—a faculty which, to the accident of birth merely confirmed it.

This was done, not to display his own learning, but to ascertain whether the fakir would understand him or not, for he seemed doubtful his claim to the garb he wore.

If an impostor, the fellow was, at any rate, a clever one, for he never moved a single muscle of his wrinkled countenance.

"The adept speaks, doubtless, with the wisdom of his own land," he observed, in a tone of apathy, as if he did not understand him.

The next question was to call upon him to explain the object of his visit.

"The foreigner," answered the old man, "are gods. If they live in the land of gold and silver, they know how to win the gold and gems of India." And, trusting to their liberality, he had brought them several pearls which had belonged to their countrymen, who were so hastily crushed beneath the ruins of the tower.

"Where did you obtain them?" demanded the doctor.

"From the saddle-bags of one of their horses."

As most of his hearers had seen Nadie and his companions dismount and abandon their steeds to the enemy, the assertion was not doubted. The papers were given up, and a suitable reward paid to the speaker.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Sir Charles, as he glanced rapidly over the leaves of a rough diary which Richard had kept, "my poor nephew has been perished by such a death."

The attention of Fred Wharton became painfully excited. He had never been able to shake off the impression that our hero might yet be in the fugitives, and his old feeling of hatred against Davidan began to revive in all its intensity.

"You speak of Tyrrell?" he said.

"Poor Tyrrell!" repeated the colonel ; "one gang at least was spared him ! he died without knowing the sad fate of her he so truly loved. I must confess that I feel deeply for him, for I know wife ; her heart is too severely wrung already."

The interview which we have just described took place by torchlight, at the gate of the temple. As the colonel spoke, he turned his face within, that it might be permitted to pass the night within the walls, saying at a plea his great age, and the ill-usage he would be subject to exposure in the open air. The men should they discover he had been in communication with the English.

"Gold pays for all risks," observed Burke, pointing to the bag of treasure, which still hung in his hand.

"Except the risk of life," replied the man.

"Even for that," added the former ; " you urge a unless prayer."

The rest of pendent fakir—for not even the doctor could come to a satisfactory conclusion on the point—seemed to be considering how the colonel was incurable. There was too much at stake to risk the safety, not only of the man, but the hopeless females within the walls by allowing him to remain.

As the aged hypocrite—for hypocrite he was—slowly retraced his steps, a half-naked man, scudded from a neighboring thicket, dashed through the sallyport. A dozen carbines were leveled at the fugitive, but, before a single shot could be fired, he had reached the ramparts, and, in a moment, he was concealed in the

"Now," said Nadie, after a few moments' reflection, "remove from my waist this ragged cloak and vest, and lay bare my body."

His directions were complied with ; when, in addition to the Brahminical cord which those of his caste never part from, there appeared a broad belt around his waist. It was inscribed with a variety of characters, some having an astronomical, and others a religious, significance : amongst others, the sacred triangle was the most conspicuous. Strange that the Hebrew and the Hindoo should symbolize the Supreme Deity by the same sign.

The clasp which confined the belt was of Jewish work ; in the centre of it glittered a large emerald, polished but uncut, like most of the gems of the East.

"From the stone," said the Brahmin, in a low voice.

The doctor did so, when a slight click was heard, as if a spring had been suddenly acted upon, and the blood gushed over his hand. A small blade, artfully concealed within the clasp, had penetrated the wearer's heart, who expired without uttering a groan or word, with a smile of grand defiance on his withered lips.

"The avenging sword!" exclaimed the sapper.

"He has kept faith with us," observed Burke ; "his debt contained, I doubt not, every secret connected with the temple and his order."

"We shall defeat him yet," observed the baronet.

"Alas, no ; none but a Brahmin of the highest caste can read it."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE SORTIE FROM THE TEMPLE.

Whilst the scene, which terminated in the death of the Brahmin Nadie, was taking place, Lady Bell and Rose, guarded by Corporal Stock, who had strict orders not to quit or lose sight of them for an instant, remained in the sanctuary, impatiently awaiting the return of Sir Charles, whose prolonging absence began to alarm his anxious wife by a affection built as many fears as joys—and grief for the loss of her adopted child had not rendered her insensible to the danger of one who was, if not noble, still dearer to her.

"I can't tell you how it is, ma'am," answered the man, rubbing him ;—" but this I know, he is the head priest of this here temple, and escaped from it after you took possession."

"*By what means?*" hastily demanded the lacerated, as if willing to escape from him.

"He didn't say that, your honor."

The colonel began to share his wife's unexpressed disquietude.

"You have heard," said Doctor Burke, addressing Nadie—for the prisoner was no other than the chief Brahmin, who had risen the desperate step of becoming himself a fakir in order to return to his subterranean abode, from which the fall of the tower had debarred him—

"You need not speak falsehood," interrupted him ; but believe me, you cannot be more sincere to you or I am."

"Nadie," exclaimed Major Pinkinson, who had been compelled to discern an unwilling silence, from the supposition that the prisoner was addressed to other language than his own ; " then, by the colonel's permission, I propose that we blow up the tower, and thus get rid of our guns, since to explains by what means he gained the place."

The proposition was adopted by Sir Charles, who also a fanatic, and death for him had no terrors for him, but who gave special attention to the plans by what means he gained the place."

"I have sworn my vengeance should never reveal it," he replied, "and I no longer point the way ; but promise to me that living or dead no outrage shall be offered to the person of the lady under my care, and I will find the means to indicate it."

The promise was given ; whereupon the colonel and his officer.

"It must be by the only deity I ever could discover that you worshiped."

"And that is?"

"*Hasa*," replied the Hindoo, sternly ; for even in the condition to which he found himself reduced, he could not refrain from marking his sense of the incompatibility of the lives of most Englishmen in India with their professions as Christians.

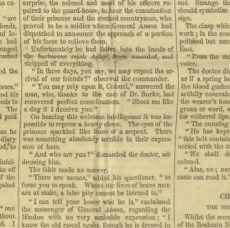
The pledge was given in the form he desired it.

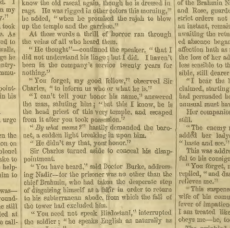
By his directions the gates were opened, and the visitor admitted, and Burke directed to examine him.

"Who are you?" demanded the latter, eyeing the old man with a scrutinizing glance.

"I am Hoss seem, a follower of Vishnu, devoted to prayer, penance and poverty—a thing of dust and air."

"*Is it not that is,*" replied the doctor, quoting from one of the Brahminical writers, who, generally speaking, are so full of paradoxes and conceits, that it would seem the highest efforts of their genius have been devoted to puzzle instead of illustrate their votaries'





He has trusted me with the dearest thing he has on earth. I never deceived him yet ; you wouldn't disgrace an old soldier's gray hairs, and break his heart!"

"Forgive me, Stock," replied his mistress, her better feelings returning at his simple appeal. " I did not intend to be so cruel, but grief—grief has distracted me. I will wait, and, if reason holds out against this agony of suspense—await patiently my husband's return. You are not angry with me?"

"Angry, my lady!" repeated the faithful fellow, at the same time letting the butt of his carbine fall upon the marble pavement ; "I might—I could not be angry with you, however much he might wrong to me you suffer. Like *her*," he added, " I first assured your fears for the colonel are groundless. Had the enemy contrived to attack the place, we must have heard their guns ere this."

"The bugle call!" replied his mistress, hurriedly ; " you forgot that, Stock."

"A false alarm, my lady ; nothing more. See how calm I am."

There words, and the stillness which reigned within the temple, somewhat reassured the anxious wife.

"I never enter this place," she observed, addressing her companion, " but a feeling of terror and breathless expectation creeps over me. The minutes I pass here appear hours. Here it was I last beheld my child—kissed her as she lay sleeping by my side, and blessed her with the fondest blessing. Here it was that she was torn from me, and the mystery which shrouds her fate adds to the agony of the bereavement. Had I seen her dead, dead by her purity and innocence," she continued, wringing her hands, " I could have borne it—the thought that heaven had received one angel more would have consoled me!"

"Dear lady, let us pray for her," said Rose ; " it is all she is left us now."

"My life has been one prayer since I lost her," added Lady Bell, plaintively to a pantomime most of tears ; " but it has not been answered ; it has not been answered. Oh, that we were allowed from my thoughts. At night I see her in my dreams—pale, struggling, and her endless breath. Her shrieks—I hear them now. Reason, much me not! They pierce my brain! Lillian! my child! Lillian!"

Overcome by the intense emotion which imagination, as those who hear her supposed, alone had conjured up, Lady Bell staggered towards the altar, from which the grim statue of the golden frowned as if in mockery of her sorrows, and would have fallen had not the wife of Mark Hoffman caught her in her arms.

"Oh, Rose!" she said, addressing the corporal ; " we must remove her from this place, or madness may cause. Her mind is giving way."

"Do not speak, my mistress," pursued the maid ; "there, there—Lillian—there!"

Both the colonel's wife and Rose both listened—and a sound was to be heard. The latter raised her aside to the ear, and waited with breathless to the couch, but, with a sudden effort, she broke from her hold, and threw herself on the altar, which declared frantically. Her companion followed, and for the first time fancied she could distinguish a faint cry, like an echo.

"You, too!" exclaimed Stock ; " I thought you had more sense."

"My mistress is not deceived!" said Rose. "I heard it, too, Lillian." she added, in a tone which with terror, " it came from that accursed vault."

The cry, if such it was, appeared to have no impression, Lady Bell, who was too greatly agitated to speak, grasped her hand, and never left her source to the cause.

But the repeat of the cry was now heard, followed by shouts. The corporal felt bewildered, for the sounds appeared to rise from beneath the pavement. Rose, terrified, clung to the skirt of his over place, to alarm the garrison ; and in a few moments the fort was filled with armed officers, and a party of his men, came rushing hastily into the sanctuary.

"What has occurred?" demanded the baronet.

"The sound of his voice, like the thrice herald into his arms, and grasped forth the name of Lillian. But it was uttered in tones so hollow and unlike those entire, well-bound, one arm extended towards the altar.

Which the hoard voices from beneath the earth," said Rose, Colonel," added the corporal.

The report, which sounded like subterranean thunder, startled the whole of the garrison, who rushed out of the temple, and were soon assembled in the quadrangle.

"Down with the idol!" exclaimed the baronet.

In an instant, the soldiers, who were greatly excited, commenced an attack, with the butt-ends of their carbines and muskets, for they were variously armed, upon the statue of the golden which for a time resisted their utmost efforts, till Fred Wharton, who had by surprisedand the affair, observed that it wheeled on one side, sprang on the altar, and willing to free them from their fears, began to gain dealing a succession of blows with it at the foot of the statue.

"Suffer not in this direction!" he cried.

The men obeyed him, and in a few minutes the gold colossus fell prostrate.

A piercing shriek, which seemed to rise from the bowels of the earth, followed the downfall of the idol, and, with a hideous crash, the idol fell, disclosing the entrance to the secret vault.

"Give them a volley!" ordered the major, who began to feel greatly excited.

The muskets were heaped upon the altar and leveled their carabines down the yawning opening.

A groan, mingled with a wild laugh, was the voice of thunder ; and, such was the force of discipline, that the men involuntarily ceased firing. "It is a female," he added ; " some report to be defending her lord."

With a cry of agony, which sounded as if wrung from his very heart, he sprang into the opening and disappeared.

A dozen brave and resolute fellows followed him.

The few minutes which followed appeared an agony to Sir Charles and Lady Bell, neither knew what to hope or fear. At last the figure of a man, whose features were so disfigured by smoke and blood the eye of him or affection could not have recognized him, emerged from the passage, bearing a female. With one last effort of expiring strength he leaped from the altar, placed his burden gently upon the pavement at Lady Bell's feet fell exhausted at her feet.

Richard Hoffman!" exclaimed the agitated woman, clasping her recovered treasure fondly to her breast ; "my child! my child!"

The first sign of returning consciousness given by the fair girl was faintly murmuring the name of her lover.

"My heaven!" exclaimed Dr. Burke, who had been long in wiping the blood from the features of our hero, "but it is Mr. Tyrrell!"

Surprise followed upon surprise, and a cry of mingled terror and joy broke from Rose as she threw her arms round the neck of her husband.

who, severely wounded, staggered from the subterranean den.

His three companions quickly followed, the lieutenant being the last.

"Move men," he said, pointing to the secret passage.

The loud cries and report of firearms explained more rapidly than words could have done the nature of the deadly contest that was taking place below, and the soldiers, who by this time crowded the place in confusion, hastened to support their comrades; it was a contest who should descend the first. Their colonel would have headed them, but for once Major Fleshinson proved heedlessly rash in that discipline it had been the pride and study of his life to maintain.

"By duty!" he exclaimed. "You, Colonel, command the garrison, I lead the sortie. You must not deprive me of the honor, positively you must not."

And with an agility which, considering his years and obesity, had something in it almost miraculous—in fact, the speaker, in after life, never clearly understood himself how he contrived it—and a zeal—the generous-hearted Welchman sprang with a single bound upon the altar, and, before a word of reply or remonstrance could reach him, disappeared.

"Mark," murmured the agitated Rose, "removed to me from the grave, look up. Providence has cleared your name; your hands are free from the blood of Springthorp. Shudders on its death-bed confessed grievously. He it was who on that Xmas night loaded his gun with the leaf torn from my Bible. Look up, Mark, look up! You have now more a country—a home—a wife who has ever loved you—will die with you."

The eyes of the wounded man met hers, and a faint smile proved that he fully comprehended the blest intelligence.

Meanwhile the doctor and his active little wife were anything but idle. With the assistance of Lady Bell, who seemed to have recovered all her former presence of mind and energy of character, she had removed Gillian to her own apartment, and succeeded in restoring her to self-consciousness again.

Again she sufferer murmured the name of Hibbert.

"Safe, love, quite safe," said Mrs. Burke: "the doctor is with him."

"Dying! And for me—for me!"

"No, no," answered Lady Bell, who would once more have pressed her to her heart and wept over had not her experience in the last month made her more cautious, and, wisely restrained her.

"I think," she said, taking the hands of the frail girl in hers, and at the same time looking earnestly into her eyes, "you know I never deceive any one; you can believe me."

"Yes, yes."

"Well, then, Mr. Tyrrell is neither dying nor dead, only hurt—a flesh wound or two, which I would undertake to cure myself in a week without the doctor. Compose yourself for his sake, for all our sakes, and you shall see him—presently." she added, for in her eagerness to calm the agitated spirits of Lillian, the kind-hearted woman had resented all that she hoped, rather than knew to be true.

The firm and almost stern tone in which these assurances were given did more to allay the sufferer than the most tender sympathy could have done. Believing that her lover was no longer in danger, the unusual agitation, which had caused the attack of her adopted parent, and wept upon her bosom.

This time her tears were those of joy.

"Restored to you and my dear father!" she sobbed; "once more in the arms of those who love me! It is real! Let me hear your voice, to prove to me that it is not a happy dream. Mother, pronounce the name of your child: call me Lillian—your own Lillian!"

The warm tears which fell fast upon her neck were the only answer she received.

"Real!" cried Lillian, with a burst of gratitude, "real, and not a dream. Then, from my heart of prayers, and sustained me from the depths of the earth to light and happiness, you have watched over to you," she added, "still worthy of your love."

These words relieved her second parent from a doubt which strong her heart with anguish to reflect upon, and for a time she was content to mingle their tears and caresses in silence.

The scene which all that spot upon her next was the only answer she received.

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Meanwhile the gallant Shi, undeterred by the contusion of the major, was far from idle, but continued to maintain a desperate contest with the Brahmins and numerous services of the godless, who, to do them justice, fought bravely, though unskilled by the soldiers, excited by the carnage, and confirmed by the recollection of Cawnpore, attacked them with irresistible fury, quarter being a thing that was not taken on either side. In less than an hour they succeeded in driving them from hall to hall, from shrine to shrine, till everything like serious opposition was at an end, and the victorious Sikhs of cruelty and superstition completely in their power.

Amongst the dead was the Nanki girl, Kishoda, who, in her jealous madness at seeing her former mistress rescued, and, as she deemed, at one of her, had been the loudest in urging on her countrymen to interrupt their flight. A dark, fierce look of hatred had rested her orders and nerves together.

"Well," said the major, seeing himself upon one of the numerous beds which the soldiers had fashioned down, in order to recover his all but exhausted breath, "that is victory! Who would have imagined that such a nest of hornets existed so near to us, or that good fortune was on our prisoner?"

"Not the only discovery we have made," observed Wharton, at the same time pointing to the grave of the rajah, arranged quietness only in order at the entrance end of the cave.

Fleshinson started up half frantic with delight. "Treasure! Silver pensioner, by the harp of Hero!" he exclaimed, patting them fondly; "talk of money! I would not exchange the smile they one discovery for the sweetest singers of Italy. In what quarter, I say, be subjected to the most careful, "will fit for service; the fools had not even the sense to spike them."

Two persons alone had been spared—the collector and the police magistrate, and they could their lives to the intercession of one of the officers, rather than the pity of the men.

"Why bring them to me?" demanded the major, angrily, as they were dragged before him, each with his arms tied behind his back.

"We were here against our will!" exclaimed both the terrified wretches.

"We desire of it," answered the Welshman, drily.

"And are servants, faithful servants of the company," added the collector.

"Take them to the colonel, and see if he will believe them," said Major Fleshinson, who, despite his fiery temper, did not like to give the order for taking their lives in cold blood.

"We can confer you an immense service and, at the same time, prove our fidelity," observed the magistrate, for the first time breaking silence.

"Ish!" replied the old soldier, angrily; "your words have already done all the service we require. Take them away."

The Hindoo pointed to the guns.

Fred Wharton whispered a few words in the ear of his superior officer, who heard him at first impatiently, but gradually appeared to yield to his representations.

"Well," he exclaimed, addressing six prisoner, "what is it?"

"You have the cannon," said the collector.

"No thanks to you for that," interrupted the major.

"But you have neither balls nor sufficient ammunition," added the police magistrate, "a record there available.

This was one of those disagreeable truths there was no querying. The supply of both was fearfully low.

"We can supply you with both," continued the speaker, "on condition that our lives are spared. Mine," he added, in a whisper: "point out to you the secret treasury of the temple."

"And mine," hastily interrupted the old collector; "it's the powder and balls I require. Keep your secret respecting them, and, although I once against my heart's grain to let two such scoundrels escape, I shall, nevertheless, not regret the cord they so richly merit, I pain my word for your unmerciful safety."

The two Hindoos, eager to seal the compact beyond the power of recalling it with honor, proceeded at once to explain the nature of the secret passage leading from the ruined tower to the temple in the underground, "known to a small quantity of ammunition there.

"Now, Mr. Wharton," resumed the major, as soon as he had satisfied himself, by actual inspection, that the statements were correct, "you and the Hindoos hesitated; they imagined that the speaker had consulted his own safety in the agreement, and hoped to supplement it to their own use.

"What!" exclaimed the speaker, "do you imagine that I will connect to rob my brave fellows of their just reward for their courage and unparalleled? No, no; the promise must be kept to the letter on either side, or not at all."

With bitter reluctance, which nothing but the fear of death could have overcome, the miscreants and collector led them to the cell formerly occupied by the chief, and, removing the mat which was in the center of the pavement. By the united exertions of the soldiers, the huge block was raised, discovering a large hole beneath the vast accumulations of years of fraud and superstition were found; jewels of great value, gold and silver coin in immense sums, bags of cotton gold, long after papers, were hastily thrown up to the light of day.

"I will take charge of these," observed the major. "Burke will be able to make something out of them"—a supposition which proved correct, for he was with very little trouble, in the course of deciphering the characters in which they were written, and the discovery added one of the hundred clues to the plans and movements of the rebel sepoys.

To guard against all possibility of a surprise, a guard was left in the lower chamber, while Fleshinson and the rest of the party proceeded to rejoin their comrades in the one above.

Everything was in readiness for their return, and smoke had been washed from them, appeared pale, trailing the whole of the long night, and the sun; still there was a feeling of content, joy, almost happiness, in the consciousness that the wretched he lived or died, the lover knew that Lillian was rescued from the hands of the pitiless fanatics, guarded by the jealous vigilance of affection, not a second time to be deceived, and ready, as he had proved himself, to die in her cause, if it should be required.

On seeing Wharton, he tried to hold out his hand, but it fell from his grasp, and he was too faint to be weakened him.

"Mark, my dear boy," said the doctor, placing his finger upon his lips: "I must positively forbid it. I have given strict orders to that effect, my orders now."

Wharton could not resist the melancholy satisfaction of grasping his friend's hand: it gently restored the pressure.

"You must not speak to the major," whispered the young officer in the ear of his commander: "he has instructions of positive."

Sir Charles rose at the call of duty and, though his heart was wrung with grief, he obeyed. He was seal by the side of the wounded sufferer and left the place.

"Lillian," faintly murmured our hero, at the same time fixing his eyes imploringly upon the friend, as if unwilling to leave them, "I shall not be able to bear the truth.

"Is mistaken!" said Burke; "my wife can assured me so. Strange," he muttered to himself, "that the opium has taken no effect."

Still the eyes of the wounded riveted upon those of Wharton.

"I can understand why it has not," observed the latter. "The pangs of death are stronger than your hunger, or even the fear of losing her you love still subtly him," he added, "at my risk."

So saying, he disappeared, and in a few moments returned with Lady Bell, who, bending over the couch of our hero, gently kissed him.

"Lillian rescued!" she whispered, soothingly, of the terrors she has passed through have exhausted her."

The poor fellow, unable to speak, pointed to her lips.

"They are for you, Richard," she added, "for no, and the life of Lillian exchanged for that of her dear sake—for the sake of home and all who love you; and in the morning, prayed to the doctor does not forbid it, I shall see it on you. Think what her heart must suffer, should see you pay that debt to Nature."

"Not a syllable," said Burke, addressing the wounded youth; "I have given you my word as a assertion—for doctors are permitted sometimes to deceive their patients; but nothing can excuse a deed of words uttered by such lips."

A faint smile rested for an instant on the pale features of his patient, who soon afterwards fell into a gentle slumber, his head resting in that of his faithful friend.

"What hope?" whispered Wharton to the doctor.

"But a slender one," answered the kind-hearted man, in the same undertone. "Should fever set in no earthly skill can save him. It was a bold experiment you tried," he added, "but it has so far been successful that it calmed the agitation of his mind. The rest depends on Providence."

So saying, the speaker withdrew to attend to the wounded men who claimed his care. During the remainder hour of the night, the young soldier remained anxiously watching by the sleeper's side.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

IN THE STRAWBERRY VINES.

BY WILLIE E. PARSON.

Asleep in the strawberry vines she lay,
Her dear boy close to my beating heart;
And her lips half-closed and half apart,
As the sweet wind's will did over them play.

I sat in a silence words can break;
My innocent eyes were as wells of a-balm;
I thought in its fullness she might name the name
Of the one best part, for sweet lover's sake.

On her beautiful cheeks the peach flush lay,
As the June-roses on cream rest;
And sweet dreams of the future, and sweet past,
In each sweet aspect and air was that day.

In her parting the dew-drops had caught a rest
That nestled in the shadow of her crown.
Down the dark curls, like a golden stream,
To which we never let sunlight fail.

The wee little dimples that were so busy,
Keeping the fairies kissing her lips
With kisses of rose-leaf, were at their ships
From her heart where the little birds are busy
Laid and reared and hatched their young.
In the strawberry vines, her dear head press
To my tender heart, she lay that day,
For she is now "from over the high hills."

THE MOTHER'S SIN;
OR,
TWO LIVES MADE DESOLATE.

BY MARY C. TACHER.

"Arthur, you are my sole pride and hope—the heir of my fortune, and the one I have proud name. I have nothing to live for but your happiness, which is my own. Now, then, you must not disappoint me by presiding in this unaccountable manner. Tell me so every one knows you."

"Mother, I do not understand you."

"Understand me, my son! Is society! How could I expect you would understand a mother's anxious affection? But, at least, I thought I had a right to your confidence, and I have labored upon you. You will bring me to the grave with sorrow like this!" Ungrateful boy!"

"Mother—do listen to me. Don't weep so. I shall be more grateful. I do appreciate your kindness, and love you as dearly as fon ever mortal can love a fond mother—but I am more, and forgive me."

"Of course, I forgive you, Arthur," Mrs. Fairman answered, with a slight air of martyr, after she had suffered herself to be coaxed into a cessation of tears. "What is your confession, my son? Is aunt say?"

"I don't intend it mother. I do not wish to give you pain."

"But what else could you expect when you tell me that you do not understand my desire for your happiness, and that you have never entirely I am devoted to you?"

"Mother, you might well have replied that he could not understand a statement of what did not exist, for his mother was a selfish invalid, whose only desire for her 'happiness' and 'pleasure' and 'symptoms,' and whose interest in her son was never more than negative, save when he might by any chance to cause pet scheme of her own. But he answered, with filial piety was—

"I see you mistook me, mother. What I did say I meant simply that I could not marry Lucy Lee, as she beneath me."

"Ah, I dare say she is a goddess in your eyes, and I am a monster to her baby face!" And it is for her that you defy and insult your mother?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Fairman's fair face, tearful as her eyes. She also showed strong symptoms of hysterics, and her son, unable to answer her unreasonable accusations, while she continued in that excited state, left her bedside, and after a few moments' hesitation, he summoned from the uneasy slumber into which he had fallen at dawn, to his servant's bedside.

He went to her, pale and haggard. He had been weighing the claims of the rival love that occupied his heart—that for his mother as a duty, and that for Lucy as a lover, and vainly striving to find means to reconcile them to each other. He felt that when he should have succeeded in wrenching from the condition into which her angry emotions had thrown her, discarded the willing affection to him, he left him plead the cause of his love—perhaps to see and hear no more. Then would come and welcome her, the lover thought, and his heart beat fast with the joy of so sweet a hope.

But when he entered the room he was disappointed. He found his mother apparently very ill. His heart softened towards her when he had all night accused of selfish attempts to destroy his happiness. Remorseful pity filled his soul. He believed that the agitation he had caused his invalid parent was surely destroying her life, and, kneeling at her bedside, he began to make the only promise—to fulfill the only regret she should perhaps ever make, he could not give.

"Promise me, Arthur, only this. That you will not write or hold any correspondence with the Amy Lincoln for one month, and that you will go down to the country with me to-morrow, and I will never ask me to be able to endure the journey. I will go with you in a day or two. If not, (and if Arthur's eyes filled as he spoke) you suppose my conditions, I shall not live beyond to-morrow; you will of course remain to close my eyes and lay me beside your father. Then remember that it was my dying request that you should go to your uncle's, and refrain from any communication with Amy Lincoln for one month. Will you promise me, Arthur?"

He gave the promise.

"After to-day I will not see or write to Amy Lincoln for one month, and I will accompany you to uncle Godwin's. Will that content you, dear mother?"

"And you will go if I am not living to accompany you. That is well. But why do you qualify the first clause of your promise with 'after to-day?'"

I must tell Amy the promise I have made, that she may not be made unhappy. You would not have me do otherwise, I am sure, my dear mother."

Mrs. Fairman was shrewd enough to see that she had better be satisfied with the promise as given, and so, with a querulous voice, she murmured something about being unable to contend with her son, and he went away.

Before nightfall Mrs. Fairman was surprisingly improved; and on the second morning she set off, accompanied by her son, for the residence of her brother, Halper Godwin, in a remote New England town.

Arthur and Amy had one sweet but sad interview previous to the journey. They parted, convinced even in prospect of a few weeks' separation by the hope that, when it was ended, they should part no more. Arthur meant to enlist his uncle Godwin in his favor, and he knew that his mother had a great respect for that good man's opinion. And Amy had faith in time, and thought no one could resist Arthur's wishes—surely not his mother, who loved him.

But from cheerfully to her daily tasks, while Arthur, absorbed in his care of his invalid mother, had little leisure for thought, except upon what he traveled, or the incidents of his journey, and could only think of Amy undisturbed when night brought the solitude and silence.

The month of absence passed slowly away. To all the solicitude of Arthur and uncle Godwin—who was really attached to his sister—Mrs. Fairman who saw no reason why a beautiful and virtuous girl should be deemed unworthy to become the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Fairman, because she was poor and a milliner, so that Arthur might wed with she could never countenance such a low marriage, but if Arthur persisted, and the girl was willing on his means, she would not withhold her consent. To that they had to be satisfied.

Mrs. Fairman was the sorrowful, nor stands still for the happy. A lover's impatience, that can not brook opposition, has sufficient strength enough to hasten the leaden-footed hours. But at last the month passed, the long-looked for season of reunion arrived.

Arthur found Arthur Fairman as, on the wings of love, he hastened toward the dwelling of Amy Lincoln, the only person he knew in the whole of the city. Nothing but the interest of the hour of Amy could have prevented him from hastening to her the previous night. Impatient and sleepless he had been, but he felt that he must wait for the next consistent with propriety he was on his way.

Up the stairs that led to her apartments he sprang, two steps at a time, and, with his light, gallant fingers, tapped at her door. No answer was heard by moment, hour by hour, day after day passed, and the dismal, long-hoped

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

IDA'S SONG OF PARTING.

BY SALLIE E. DUTAN.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A word which makes us linger—yet—farewell!"

Alas, and I must say it!—this—no more—
There's gone—and with that fare dreams of bliss!
Some wrong to mourn, on a stranger shore,
Will crowd to meet thee with their welcome kiss;
And, lonely, I shall weep for thee,
When tossing forth lights their treacherous cheer,
Await thee there—but—there with sight for me
For distance—to the twilight dreary mist!

I have no, not one short hour more for thee—
Nor say my heart is broken, for I know
That many others have been, and will be—
What can there not? Ah—and I have thee go
And curse no more with fire-locked spear
And musical bowing and stringèd-word
Thee, who didst once set bould look scheme's skies,
To make each music in my spirit's chime.

Last anthem—when the lover-wrath knelt low,
And, sighing, sweet-like blushing before its courage
That it was such a faith while ago!
Ah, me! I know not what to say of change
That changes into cupid here mind to mine!
And all I pray my heart against my brow,
When, with the shadows, love and memory wake,
And overthrow oppresses all to me.

* * * * * * *

Go! for the stars that rule my fate and thine,
Though with my soul-orbit never blend their light!
Go—though I know my fondest thoughts are mine—
Go—but I'll curse thee still in silence of night!
Yet when I wake, amid the haunted land,
Where memory, like a spirit, lingers—I
And feel my spirit-love interlace, a sigh
Will escape my heart of fairies tenderness.

Yet, go! But when, o'er sighing wood and stream
Shall fall the shadows of the twilight hour,
Remember me—and where the sunset beams
The saddest scenery of Fairy land!
How can I love without remembrance?
How shall I hear the sad wind's haunted tone?
How will my all be clean with thoughts of thee,
And will not thou be—love—forever gone?

"A FRIEND IN NEED."

A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I scrollor a pilose," said Capt. Wing, "as either wholly without the pale of humanity, and under no circumstances would I allow one to sail on my ship. I once had him within my power."

"Then might be circumscribed," remarked Shaw, who was a gray-haired veteran of the sea, "under which you would allow even a pirate to go free."

"Never!" returned Wing, emphatically. "Had he ever been a pirate, and escaped justice till he fell into my hands, he should not escape it then."

"Well," said Capt. Shaw, "I never had the opportunity to fall into my hands, and I must confess that I not only fell into the grip, but held him quite some besides; and I think if you had been in my place you would have done just as I did."

"I can't think so," persisted the former. "However, I can judge if you tell me the circumstances."

"You shall have them," replied Shaw. "It is now about twenty years since I commanded the old ship Sarcasm. My second mate was a man named Edward Hall. I went to India, and there bought by the way of the Mediterranean, and Cape Horn. While lying at Honolulu an American sailor came on board the ship, and asked for an opportunity to work his passage homeward. He gave his name as Charles Bagley, and said that he had been cast away upon one of the islands a few months before, and had made his way to Honolulu upon a raft, all his companions having died from starvation. He was a good-looking man, not over thirty years of age, and as I had lost my mate during the cruise, I was in need of help. I was satisfied, from his manner, that he was not telling me the truth about the shipwreck. I was inclined to believe that he had deserted from some other ship; but I did not press him very closely for, as I just said, I wanted his services; so I took him, and gave him a berth.

"I never saw a better seaman than Bagley proved to be. He was the first man on deck when all hands were called; utterly fearless in storm; prompt in the duty in every respect, and he promptly pushed up his profession. Towards me and my officers he was respectful and courteous and was upsetful in the extreme, but he did not seem to feel as home with the men. He seldom joined in any of their sports, nor did he laugh at their jests. At times he was silent and thoughtful, spending whole hours by himself in a state of apparent meditation. Of course, I wondered much at this, and on one or two occasions approached him upon the subject, but he avoided it so quickly and decidedly that I made up my mind to let him keep his own secrets.

"One day my mate came down into the cabin and informed me that Bagley's character was discovered. He was a pirate, who had escaped about a year before from the authorities at Charleston, South Carolina. I asked if there was any certainty of this.

"'Yes,' said the mate, 'we are perfectly sure of it. Three of the men have seen him before. About a year ago a pirate schooner was captured off the Bermudas, and carried into Charleston, and a young man, named John Loreta, was captain of her. But with eight of his crew, was thrown into prison, but on the very night he was to be executed he made his escape. The rest of them were tried, and six of them were hanged; but Loreta was not recaptured. It was supposed that some outside help must have been afforded him. However, he has turned up now, and this Charles Bagley is the man.'

"The circumstance of the capture of the pirates, and the crime of their escape, was fresh in my memory, and I was not a little startled when I found that the real Simon Bagley had been cast overboard of my ship. I knew that his course had been a bloody one, and that he should have been hung and duly. But I meant to be amused. I saw that the men had the utmost confidence in me, and they were positive. They were not only in Charleston when the pirates were brought in, but one of them had helped capture them. I made some further inquiries, and was very soon satisfied that my new mate had indeed the right. It was a positive fact, of which there could be no possible doubt.

"And now what was I to do? The mate said, 'let's secure him at once, and when he comes on board till we can deliver him up,' and so thought some of the others; but I did not feel exactly in that mood. I was shore-handed as it was, and needed his help; and then he was worth any other two men I had. I reflected upon the matter, and finally resolved to let him remain as he was until we reached port, and then I meant to deliver him up. I could watch him, if there was any necessity for it, though I was firmly convinced that he meant no harm to me. So I told my mate that we would let Bagley work on as he had done, and see that he was delivered up to justice as soon as we got home. This may not have been in accordance with the idea of strict propriety, but it was, under the circumstance, the best I could do. The men promised that they would say nothing to him of the discovery we had made, for I did not wish him to know it.

"But he must very soon have seen that he was more than suspected. He could not fail to observe that the men eyed him with unconcerned interest, and that even I had changed in my bearing towards him. But he did not betray any appearance of anger. He performed all his duties as before, only becoming more and more thoughtful and silent.

"We had doubled the Horn, and passed the Falkland Islands, when we met with a change of weather as sudden as it was severe. At midnight I noticed that the breeze was freshening up, and that the barometer was settling rapidly. I knew that a storm was coming, and I prepared my ship accordingly. By ten o'clock that night I had the topgallant-masts on deck, and was bringing under close-reefed topsails, with the bows under water half the time. Before morning the foretopmast was split to ribbons, and the spanker gone. The gale was from the south'ard and east'ard, and blew as I had never seen it blow before. I had felt as heavy a wind, but not as long continued. At last the daylight came we found the heavens of a dull, leaden hue, and the sea one mass of white-capped mountains, that came rolling and tumbling over us with mad fury. We held a short consultation, and decided to put before it and run. We had plenty of sea-room, and hoped thus to save our spars.

"At first we tried it under a close-reefed foresail, but the seas were so high that it kept the ship wild from it, and I was forced to set the mainsail. All that day the gale continued with unabated fury, and as the darkness of night came on I began to be alarmed. I knew that I was going through a terrible storm, and though the log would give me no exact info, the sea bringing it home every time we threw it. When the darkness fairly shut in again the gloom and the alarm were settled. The sea was clinging to the rocks and rails, and all were prepared to see the old ship swamped at any moment. The roar of the tempest was so terrible that it was with difficulty that I could make myself heard, even when I had my lips at my mate's ear. All were fearful that more Charles Bagleys. He alone remained cool and collected, and in the hurriedly and indistinctly spoken the performance of his duty we owed much of our safety thus far.

"At midnight myself and mate met in the cabin. The same fear had been haunting us both.

"'How much longer can we stand this safely?' he asked, after we had examined the chart.

"'I can't tell,' I replied. 'But we cannot lie far from the spot.' I alluded to the coast of Buenos Ayes, where the Cape Corrientes and Salinis Blancs, upon which point on the chart my mate had begun. I knew that there were no ports to run over three hundred miles, and if such was the case, we were nearer to the coast than we wished to be.

"We returned to the deck, and stood together by the quarter-rail. We had ordered all to their places by the wheel, and the rest of the crew had been distributed in the forward part of the ship. I had been ten thousand rocks directly ahead, we could not have avoided them. But we did not expect to be get upon the wind in such a gale. She could no more have been brought up to it than she could have run in the direct wind.

"And so we were forced to suffer us until morning, and when the day broke, the gale was not blowing over the sea. I was still standing by the rail, when the shadows of the night were driven from the lookout upon the lower. I hurried forward, and with a glance I saw the cause of my fear in a moment. Directly ahead, and not more than three miles distant, was a long line of breakers on a rocky, over which the wild sea dashed with awful power!

"'On we put her about!' asked the man.

"'And I was forced to tell them so. I saw my fate death clearly upon which we were driven, and with frightful speed, and I knew that no earthly power could stay our progress, or guide us from the rocks. They were black and bleak before us, and when we came to them we should be dashed to atoms. I saw my men clasp their hands in prayer, and all I could do was to pray with them.

"I looked around for Bagley, and saw him coming forward with a coil of rope in his hand. He was pressed lightly upon the rock-bound coast for some moments. Then he lowered it, and sprang to my side.

"'Captain Shaw,' he cried, with the energy of a man who grasps for life, 'I see a small spot of land to the very latter I can save the ship. Get the topsail on, and keep her steady upon the wheel. We have no time for questions. Trust me, and you are safe! On with the foresail as soon as possible!'

"I did not hesitate. I saw in an instant that without help we were lost, and I gave the word for setting the sail, and as hope sprang to life in my heart, I saw that the men were ready to obey then thrusted with speedy death can work. In spite of the gale the bold seamen sprang to work, and the clues hauled down. In a moment more Bagley parted me. 'I know a safe passage here!' he cried, and as he spoke he sprang to the bowsprit, and I had the men arranged along the deck so as to keep the ship's head steady.

"O! it was terrible—the approach to those towering rocks. Already the waves seemed to me that a thousand thunder-bolts seemed bursting about us, and the spray from the rugged crags came drenching over us.

"'Port!' came from the man upon the bowsprit, and then 'Starboard!' and then 'Steady! Then 'Starboard!' And as the orders came, passing promptly from Bagley, until we were safe in the wheel. On we went—on—on—and we were upon the rocks. One giant cliff loomed up before us, and, at the moment when it seemed as though the crash must come, Bagley shouted to keep a-port, and we passed the cliff, our yardarms almost touching as we went by. On we went, with the helm still held again, through a deep channel, just in the solid rock, and in five minutes more we were within a safe harbor, surrounded by high cliffs, by towering cliffs and rocks, where the surface of the water was hardly ripples!

"As soon as the anchor was down I looked around for Bagley, but he had gone below. I did not call him then, for I was too much overcome. I saw my men unanimously overpowered by gratitude, and I joined them in their thanksgiving to God for the salvation which had been extended to us.

"At noon Bagley came down into my cabin. He told me that he wished to speak with me. He said he wished to tell me what he pleased, and begged of me not to question him. I made him go on.

"'Captain Shaw,' he commenced, 'I know you have discovered who and what I have been. I know you have planned that I should be delivered up to the law when this ship reaches home. I have been a wicked man—dark and harrowing crimes rest upon my soul—but I have no more crimes to commit. When I came on board this ship I hoped that I might reach my native land in safety, and hide away in some nook where I could live a secure life for me, and in hope for the future. When I saw this coast this morning my first thought was that we could all die together. I did not dread death—I have by me too longed. But the thought was not long in possession of my mind. I had recognized the native rocks, and I believed that the towering cliff was the outpost of a strong, secure harbor. I had seen it once, and guess by, when I was forced to flee from my fellow-men. I observed that those black rocks concealed the hidden passage at once, and I knew I could save the ship. I have saved you—and I simply ask in return that you will do unto me as your own heart shall dictate.'

"With this he arose and left the cabin. I would have called him back, but I was too much upon my own emotions to speak until he was out of hearing. But I can imagine what I did. I called my officers and men about me, and told them the way I and that I should have them all hung! I could not bring myself to do it. I had not the heart. I had not the power. I had seen him save my ship and my life, and I simply told them that I should keep my word, and that the harbormaster was settling rapidly. I knew that a storm was brewing, and I prepared my ship accordingly. By ten o'clock that night I had the topgallant-masts on deck, and was bringing under close-reefed topsails, with the bows under water half the time. Before morning the foretopmast was split to ribbons, and the spanker gone. The gale was from the south'ard and east'ard, and blew as I had never seen it blow before. I had felt as heavy a wind, but not as long continued. At last the daylight came we found the heavens of a dull, leaden hue, and the sea one mass of white-capped mountains, that came rolling and tumbling over us with mad fury. We held a short consultation, and decided to put before it and run. We had plenty of sea-room, and hoped thus to save our spars.

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* Clear-Water, the Indian name of Lake George.

DISOBEDIENCE PUNISHED.

BY MORGIANNA D.

"But, Ellen, John Harris is not the kind of man I wish you to be intimate with."

Ellen Carwall looked up with suddenly over her work. She had, until lately, been a child very easy to govern—an amiable, gentle girl, whom an occasional word of kindness was likely to oppose or defeat the will of her parents.

Her parents were professed Christians, and intended to be consistent; but as they wished to bring up a child who could possess a reasonable or reputable a young lady, but Mrs. Proctor understood human nature. She knew that no change for good to be effected by youthful and ignorant persons. There is no telling what any body will be or do under its influence, and the only safe part is to treat persons who are its victims as the sick are treated when they are delirious, or as incurable—not seriously nor reasonable beings.

Mrs. Proctor believed that as the parents had good reasons, not founded in prejudice, for being opposed to their daughter's choice, they should use their privilege and their duty to render it impossible for the lovers to have any communication whatever.

"Why," said the lady, after having related what she had heard, "if Ellen were my child, she should not have my right a moment, either night or day, to see or speak to that young man, and I would not ever be permitted to turn herself until she had attained the age of twenty-one. After that time I should have no control, and must leave her to herself and abide by the consequences."

Mrs. Carwall resolved to relate all that she had heard to her husband, and at once to enter into some plan for putting an end to the present disgraceful state of affairs.

The poor mother was almost overwhelmed. She had no Ellen, but no one knew where she was. It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening, and Mrs. Carwall had not known till then that her daughter was out.

"Ellen is with him now, I dare say," said the poor lady, weeping. "Oh! to think how we have loved that child, and how she repays our love! What pleasure we take in our ladies. Mrs. Proctor, and how fearful she is when God restrains them from us; but what is it to have a sweet baby die, to what it is to have it live, only to fill the hearts of its parents with the sharp and poisoned thorns of ingratitude. Surely, if people had any right understanding of the heavenly names they would not be so ready and so eager for its every application. I think it is the most awful thing that can befall one, to be made a parent."

"It is indeed, my friend. I felt that God was cruel to rob me of my treasures as fast as they were given. My bleeding heart murmured that my own should not live before me, but that my enemies had been added by the world. I would have had them stay and become deified—for deified I knew that they would become if I kept them with me. But in these trials and rebellious errors he has passed away. And now, as I look upon the heavenward-gazing eyes and golden and meekness of the parents that once I so bitterly envied, I thank God, and pray for you that I think little more heartily, that I have upon this miserable and treacherous earth a lovely child."

"Oh!" burst from the heart and lips of Mrs. Carwall, "I have sometimes been forced to wish that my only child had died in her infancy. I am afraid that she is a lost and ruined girl!"

Prophetic words! How little knew at that very moment receiving the kiss of her new-made husband!

Over all the miserable surplus, sorrow and heartbreaking that had followed that unhallowed wedding we will pass.

Mr. Carwall was greatly incensed, and at first thought of disowning and disinheriting his child; but finally her very again to enter his dwelling. But the mother's heart could not thus cast them off. Though the instincts of maternal love spoke out the faithful and tender words, "love of thine is to be the children of our Father which is in Heaven. The sins of our child have made a cloud about her, and have separated her from us, but we have from ours, but the cause is in her, it must not be in us. Forgive her friends—forgive her—fit must forswear all anger and, all severity which can be forgiven."

Time removed the mother, and the father, though sorry, reproached him for his harshness.

And it was not a very little while that he felt any remains of anger at his child, for her short life of disobedience and folly. They must forgive her, and love her unto the end. This is what God, our Father, has done to us, and He requires us to be like children of our Father which is in Heaven. The sins of our child have made a cloud about her, and have separated her from us, but the cause is in her, it must not be in us. Forgive her friends—forgive her—fit must forswear all anger and, all severity which can be forgiven.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

PENITENCE.

BY ALICE CARY.

O, I am sick of what I am! Of all
Which I in life can ever hope to be;
Angels of light be pitiful to me,
And bathe your white wings round me like a wall;
Angels and ye that from the triangle of wind has been
In days and years I have no pleasance in.

Breathed, scathed in battle's deep mouth was my life,
My labor is a vain and mournful strife;
A restless tugging at the bonds of life
After the vital freedom all are void;
I have no joy, no sorrow, no desire,
Only your love, and more than love, for hers asks.

The end I have done I do deplore,
And give my praise to whom it shall belong
For its undoing, and unmaking after;
In sackcloth, ashes, and nothing more,
Lie humbly brokenest mood,
I, like a drabbon prodigal, have spent,

I am not in the favor of man's eyes,
Nor am I shielded and sustained of wants;
Whether want I am my silence,
Whether the grace when that my heart is gone
An outgoal habit, so can upon life's floor—
The cure of scripture comes unwelcome.

What shall I bring the angels to offer,
Great Lord? The flowers along the summer breeze
In baleful silence praise Thee with sweet looks,
But I, alas! am poor in beauty's graces,
And am useless—but utterly, unless
By faults thou harvest in thy sweetness.

THE PROPHETESS;

OR,

AN ESCAPE FROM THE SHAWNEES.

BY EDWARD BENNETT.

If a work could be written, embracing condensed narratives of all the wonderful adventures, mysterious preservations, and hair-breadth escapes of the early Pioneers of our western country, it would be one of the most thrilling and intensely interesting productions that the world has ever seen; and they who now so carelessly inveigh against the probabilities of fiction, would be compelled to marvel over facts so far beyond the mere invention of the human brain as these narratives are beyond the peaceful representations of the scribe. As a proof of our assertion, let the reader carefully peruse the following story, taken from real life.

As far back as the year of our Lord 1811, quite a body of Shawanese, from their town on the Little Miami, penetrated the interior of Virginia even to the settlements on James river, and committed outrages among the suddenly scattered and consequently defenceless settlers. Having murdered several of the inhabitants, burned their dwellings, destroyed their property, and taken quite a number of prisoners, they set out on their triumphal return. They were followed by a party of whites, who overtook and killed nine of them, the rest making their escape and taking their prisoners with them. Some of these latter died on the way; some after reaching the Indian towns, a few became Indians in heart as in appearance; and the remainder—all those at least who were known to be held captive—were put to ransom by a treaty stipulation which the united tribes of Ohio made with Colonel Bouquet in 1764.

There was one of this party, however, a female by the name of Hannah Trenton, who, previous to this time, escaped in a most wonderful manner, and whose cunning, skill, sagacity, patience, perseverance, and heroism, should entitle her to the myriad encomiums.

It was always her intention, she subsequently stated, and it was always her hope, from the very first, to make her escape; and throughout her long, trying journey, of many hundred miles into the wilderness, there was not a moment, when left to herself, that she did not employ in devising some plan whereby her object might be attained. Various suggestions arose in her mind, only to be discarded almost immediately, because of their apparent impracticability. What could a woman in her situation really do, to elude the vigilance of a numerous tribe, so as to make good her escape from them through a pathless forest of many hundred miles in extent, exposed to perils of wild beasts and starvation? And yet they should not think from the trial, let the consequences be what they might! for would death be worse than a life of servitude among barbarous wretches as they appeared to her?

At last she hit upon a plan which she carried into execution, though without bringing about the result she desired for two long years, a period which seemed to her longer than the whole life-time preceded it. She had heard much of the superstitious nature of the Indian—that he was naturally prone to believe the supernaturalism of whatever he fancied knowledge could not explain or account for—that a prophet to him was a sacred being, to be reverenced, if not worshipped—that something possessing more than human power—and upon this weakness she determined to act.

Before arriving at her destination, she was separated from her companions, and taken to one of the Indian villages on the Little Miami, where she was informed, partly by signs, that she must remain the rest of her days, and be a servant of the tribe.

To this she assented with apparent cheerfulness, and passed through all the forms and ceremonies necessary to her adoption into the tribe, with a seeming willingness which greatly deceived the savages with respect to her real feelings and intentions. She harvested her copious locks of raven hair, as readily conforming to all their manners and customs as if she had been born and brought up among them. She took of her own garments, and substituted theirs; she painted herself in a way to make herself the most pleasing to them; she ate their food with an apparent relish; she worked for them; brought wood and water; took an active part in the general drudgery of her female companions; and joined in their hostile and barbarous dances with a seeming zest, which led them to believe her a willing convert to their mode of life.

But, she had an ulterior object; and so soon as she became to all appearance domesticated—so much of a savage, in fact, as any of the tribe—she began to carry her plans into execution. She succeeded in brave boys gifted with more than natural powers, she gave them to understand, she was a prophetess—a witch; that she possessed the art of healing by incantation, and by medicinal herbs; of reading future events in the stars; and when she began to visit the sick—to prescribe for them—to collect herbs of which she had some knowledge, though purporting that knowledge to be obtained through a supernatural agency.

Providence favored her. With several of her first cases she was successful in restoring the sick to health; and to the superstitious Indian she soon became a wonderful being—a being not quite of a higher calling than those around her—and as a consequence, she soon found herself reverenced, if not worshipped.

Yet with all this she was not permitted her liberty. She was allowed to go whither she pleased—collect what she wanted—but always with a watch upon her, lest she should make an effort to escape. Her influence became great; she was looked up to as a sovereign—a queen; but still she was a queen in fetters—one who might be suffered to do all things except change the will of her lord and heart.

Days, weeks, months, passed away; and all this time she sought in vain for the accomplishment of her purpose—the restoration of herself to her friends—the return to them in civilized life of which to all appearance she had no thought—which she had apparently renounced for her new position and condition.

Thus she continued to live for more than a year, by force she had superadded in gaining that confidence which would permit her to make her escapes alone in quest of medicinal herbs or roots required in her profession.

But when the watch finally ceased—when she for the first time found herself alone in the great forest—alone in the presence of the great Spirit of Nature—with the sky and the stars above her, and the earth beneath her—her heart was full to overflowing.

Yes, her home and friends she should see once more—perhaps, perhaps, perhaps alone—but still the time would come; and that sacred thought, that sweet knowledge, that sweet happiness, erased to busy her absent all her troubles and heretofore anxieties, and render her more supremely contented than before.

From that time forth she went and came as she chose, wandered where she deep forest would, and remained away for hours—often from the rising to the setting of the sun, and occasionally until she got into the night; yet during all this time she had not been able to accomplish her object, as she was travelling in imagination through the long, dreary, perilous wilderness that lay between her and her home from which she had been so rudely torn, and was calculating on the journey of the fearful journey, the chances of subsistence, of being overtaken by her pursuers, and the hundred perils which would attend her steps.

Thus passed away months of confidence on the part of her captors in her skill, profession, and attainments; and all this time she was watching, watching, hoping, and praying for an opportunity to carry out the great purpose she had in view.

It was near the close of summer when the first became aware of being permitted to ramble whither she pleased—that her arrival was looked upon as one she feared to risk the chances of final departure from; for during the whole of the preceding night she pretended not the opportunity she desired; the winter succeeding was one full of game, and in the coming spring had its accompanying diseases of vantages; but when the fine weather of summer should arrive, she would be at liberty to go where her services might be required, and during the whole of which time she was employed in watching, hoping, and praying for an opportunity to carry out the great purpose she had in view.

It was in the month of June,